
Poems of daring deeds and thrilling exploits

SONGS OF ADVENTURE



AN ANTHOLOGY

BY ROBERT FROTHINGHAM

The wilderness, the mountains, the sea, our own gorgeous West, the Orient and Occident, and the intangible spirit of man — all have contributed to this fine collection of thrilling poems.

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SONGS OF ADVENTURE



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An anthology selected and arranged
by ROBERT FROTHINGHAM



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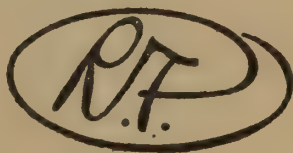
This little book is affectionately dedicated to my three companions of the trail, who have 'cussed' me to my face, defended me when my back was turned, and closed their eyes to my short-comings, as only those who have forgathered around a wilderness camp-fire year after year can understand:

JOSEPH A. McALEENAN
HARLOW BROOKS
JOHN MURGATROYD

Before the above was set in type, that gallant soul and peerless friend, 'Joe' McAleenan, passed 'over the range' on his last, great adventure, May 24th, leaving a void in three men's lives which can never be filled.

'And he shall sing the song of all creation:
A brave sky, and a glad wind blowing by,
A clear trail, and an hour for meditation,
A long day, and the joy to make it fly,
A hard task, and the muscle to achieve it,
A fierce noon, and a well-contented gloam,
A good strife, and no great regret to leave it,
A still night, and the gleaming lights of home!'

October, 1926



FOREWORD

Dear Fellow-Adventurer

If any explanation were needed of man's love for adventure, it would probably be found in his fundamental impulse to be free of restraint and the conventionalities of life. He accepts these hectic accessories of the daily grind as necessary adjuncts to earning a livelihood. But he rarely misses an opportunity to break away from them.

It is when we grow sick of the treadmill that the primitive in us comes to the surface — and we are ready, forthwith, for the 'seven-league boots' of our imagination. Then we would accompany the arch-fiend himself to the summit of a high mountain if so be we might have a bird's-eye view of all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. Only then do we really get what Emerson meant when he said that the man in the street did not know a star in the sky, and hasten to align ourselves with the precious few —

‘ . . . who hold

Earth's coin of less account than fairy gold.

Their treasure, not the spoils of crowns and kings,
But the dim beauty at the heart of things.’

In other words — Romance is the breath of Adventure's nostrils. That's why we are willing to forsake the comforts of home, enduring hardships and taking all sorts of chances while on the trail of it. Yea, verily — it's worth the price.

Be we scientist or philosopher, vagabond or sage, Greek or Barbarian, we are, none the less, confirmed egotists and much inclined to make a virtue out of a hobby. Accordingly, we take our journeyings with becoming seriousness in the name of science or exploration. Pin us down, however, and we'll acknowledge, confidentially, that we travel in search of adventure for the sheer glamour of the thing. And — I might add — our egotism bridges every Rubicon we encounter on the way and encompasses every lion in the path. With all the wonders of Nature spread out before our enthralled vision by night and by day, we shall agree with the Psalmist that the heavens declare the glory of God and proceed *pronto* to declare ourselves in on it.

Yes — dear, restless-footed reader, this very pardonable egotism is the bridge on which we have crawled upward out of the slime — and no one has a keener perception of that fact than the poet. And blessed are they who bring back in captivating verse the tale of their flight, be it of the body or of the spirit only. Of such are the pages that follow, and some are nothing short of glorious in their colorful and lyric imagery.

The universality of adventure creates a rich and a wide field for the gleaner amongst the poets. The wilderness, the mountains, the sea, our own gorgeous West, the Orient and the Occident, and the strange, intangible spirit of man — all have contributed to a prideful collection which I tender my readers with a confidence born of their generous appreciation of the volumes which have preceded

this. And there are some bits that are adventurous in a more or less whimsical sense, which have here found their way between the covers of a book for the first time. That is one of the joys of the compiler: to convert hitherto transitory, worth-while verse into enduring permanence.

A little romance in the heart —

A little horse-sense in the head —

A little iron in the purpose —

These three things will keep a man going in the world for as long as it is decent for him to stay. And it is equally true of poetry where the lyrical quality predominates. The most faultless and meticulous construction of a poem won't save it from the ultimate scrap-heap unless it *sings*. When it does that, you may know the poet's heart was at work as well as his head.

Take the trail, little book — and luck to you.

R. F.

New York

October, 1926

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SONGS OF ADVENTURE

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WANDERLUST

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the
 sea,
And East and West the wanderlust that will not let
 me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say
 good-bye!
For the seas call and the stars call, and oh, the call
 of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the
 blue hills are,
But man can have the sun for friend, and for his
 guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice
 is heard,
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh, the call
 of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night
 and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young
 ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask
 you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun
 and the white road and the sky!

Gerald Gould

THE EXPLORER

'There's no use in going further — it's the edge
of cultivation,'

So they said, and I believed it — broke my land
and sowed my crop —

Built my barns, and strung my fences in the little
border station

Tucked away below the foothills where the trails
run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang intermi-
nable changes

On one everlasting Whisper day and night
repeated — so:

'Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look
behind the Ranges —

Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and
waiting for you. Go!'

So I went, worn out of patience; never told my
nearest neighbours —

Stole away with pack and ponies — left 'em
drinking in the town;

And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem
to help my labours

As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up
and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning
flanks and dodging shoulders,

Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack
of grass;

Till I camped above the tree-line — drifted snow
and naked boulders —

Felt free air astir to windward — knew I'd
stumbled on the Pass.

Thought to name it for the finder: but that night the
Norther found me —

Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies; so I
called the camp Despair

(It's the Railway Gap to-day, though). Then my
Whisper waked to hound me:

'Something lost behind the Ranges. Over
yonder! Go you there!'

Then I knew, the while I doubted — knew His
Hand was certain o'er me.

Still — it might be self-delusion — scores of
better men had died —

I could reach the township living, but . . . He knows
what terror tore me . . .

But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the
other side,

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers
turned to aloes,

And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming
stream ran by;

But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the
water drained to shallows,

And I dropped again on desert — blasted earth,
and blasting sky . . .

I remember lighting fires; I remember sitting by
'em;

I remember seeing faces, hearing voices, through
the smoke;

I remember they were fancy — for I threw a stone
to try 'em.

'Something lost behind the Ranges' was the only
word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew it
When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk
I saw.

Very full of dreams that desert, but my two legs
took me through it . . .

And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all
black and raw.

But at last the country altered — White Man's
country past disputing —

Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills
behind —

There I found me food and water, and I lay a week
recruiting.

Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then
I entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey — chose my
trees and blazed and ringed 'em —

Week by week I pried and sampled — week by
week my findings grew.

Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he
found a kingdom!

But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck
the worth of two!

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-
poised snowslide shivers —

Down and through the big, fat marshes that the
virgin ore-bed stains,

Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined
rivers,

And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable
plains!

Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades
between 'em;

Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thou-
sand head an hour;

Counted leagues of water-frontage through the axe-
ripe woods that screen 'em —

Saw the plant to feed a people — up and waiting
for the power!

Well I know who'll take the credit — all the clever
chaps that followed —

Came, a dozen men together — never knew my
desert fears;

Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the
water-holes I'd hollowed.

They'll go back and do the talking. *They'll* be
called the Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships — not the
cities that I set there.

They will rediscover rivers — not my rivers
heard at night.

By my own old marks and bearings they will show
me how to get there,
By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my
feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed
one single acre?

Have I kept one single nugget — (barring
samples)? No, not I!

Because my price was paid me ten times over by my
Maker.

But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and
occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water-
transit sure and steady

(That should keep the railway rates down), coal
and iron at your doors.

God took care to hide that country till He judged
His people ready,

Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've
found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your 'Never-never country' — yes, your 'edge
of cultivation'

And 'no sense in going further' — till I crossed
the range to see.

God forgive me! No, *I* didn't. It's God's present
to our nation.

Anybody might have found it, but — His Whisper
came to Me!

Rudyard Kipling

AT THE CROSSROADS

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever —
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part
(For our ways are past our knowing),
A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart
On the ways we all are going!
Here's luck!
For we know not where we are going.

We have striven fair in love and war,
But the wheel was always weighted;
We have lost the prize that we struggled for,
We have won the prize that was fated.
We have met our loss with a smile and a song,
And our gains with a wink and a whistle —
For, whether we're right or whether we're wrong,
There's a rose for every thistle.
Here's luck —
And a drop to wet your whistle!

Whether we win or whether we lose
With the hands that life is dealing,
It is not we nor the ways we choose
But the fall of the cards that's sealing.
There's fate in love and a fate in fight,
And the best of us all go under —
And whether we're wrong or whether we're
right,
We win, sometimes, to our wonder.

Here's luck —

That we may not yet go under!

With a steady swing and an open brow
We have tramped the ways together,
But we're clasping hands at the crossroads now
In the Fiend's own night for weather;
And whether we bleed or whether we smile
In the leagues that lie before us,
The ways of life are many a mile
And the dark of Fate is o'er us.
Here's luck!
And a cheer for the dark before us!

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever,
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever!
But whether we live or whether we die
(For the end is past our knowing),
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!
Here's luck!
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

Richard Hovey

THE CALL

Oh, Duty is bare and the sark of Care is ragged and
thin and old;
I will cast her aside and take for my bride a Muse in
a cloth of gold.

I have heard the call of the wind-swept pine and
there bides no rest for me;

My soul is drenched with clear starshine and drunk
with the wine of the sea.

What care I now for the broken vow and the word
by the deed gainsaid?

Ere the night was torn with the sun, new-born, my
life to my fate was wed.

I am going South to a bayou-mouth where quiet
forever reigns,

Where the migrant flight of the geese by night and
the sober-stalking cranes,

And the Stars that creep o'er the Crystal Deep in the
course of the Southern night,

Not yet complain of the lesser Cain who comes with
his gun to smite.

There the long low moan of the ocean's tone as it
rides on the wind from far

Doth make one think that he stands on the brink
of a sea on another star,

Not here where men, again and again, in a tread-
mill, day by day,

Go 'round and 'round in a narrow bound and labour
their joy away.

Ere my heart grow sad and the joy I've had fade out
and die like a dream,

And my soul peak thin mid the hurry and din and
the noise of hammers and steam,

(For the Bought and the Sold be the getting of gold),
I will leave the City behind,

And my soul shall be as wide and free as a heaven-
searching wind.

Persuade me not, for a passion hot and a wild,
wind-drifted cry

Sweeps over me like the tides of the sea — I must
go or my soul will die.

I have heard the call of the wind-swept pine and
there bides no rest for me.

My soul is drunk with clear starshine and drenched
with the wine of the sea,

And Duty is bare and the sark of Care is ragged and
thin and old —

I will cast her aside and take for a bride a Muse in
a cloth of gold.

Harry Kemp

UNREST

A fierce unrest seethes at the core
Of all existing things:

It was the eager wish to soar
That gave the gods their wings.

From what flat wastes of cosmic slime,
And stung by what quick fire,
Sunward the restless races climb! —
Men risen out of mire!

There throbs through all the worlds that are
This heart-beat hot and strong,
And shaken systems, star by star,
Awake and glow in song.

But for the urge of this unrest
These joyous spheres were mute;
But for the rebel in his breast
Had man remained a brute.

When baffled lips demanded speech,
Speech trembled into birth —
(One day the lyric word shall reach
From earth to laughing earth) —

When man's dim eyes demanded light
The light he sought was born —
His wish, a Titan, scaled the height
And flung him back the morn!

From deed to dream, from dream to deed,
From daring hope to hope,
The restless wish, the instant need,
Still lashed him up the slope!

. . .

I sing no governed firmament,
Cold, ordered, regular —
I sing the stinging discontent
That leaps from star to star!

Don Marquis

TRAIL SONG

We took the trail with bell and book,
Our candle was a star:
And high and dim the way we took,

To where the peaks, untroubled look
On range and range afar:
Our book —, the log of what befell,
Our bell —, a silver pack-horse bell.

Chilao! Sing Chilao! We're on the upland track:
God send the day be far away when we shall
journey back.

Where Barley Flats lay singing
In the wind across the night,
A pack-horse bell was ringing,
The moon was big and white:
The shadows danced along the tree
And from the firelight ran
While, round the fire in reverie,
A little song began:

Chilao! Sing Chilao! The mesquite and the pine!
God send no less content to fill this hungry heart of
mine.

Down deep within the Narrows
We rode a moonlit trail,
Where flashed the silver arrows,
Where fell a silver flail.
In dusk a dream lay hidden
The while we rode along:
A melody unbidden,
A half-remembered song:

Chilao! Sing Chilao! The green below the blue!
God send no other trail than that which leads again
to you.

Who packs and trails the world around
 May know much wonderment:
 But never will a place be found
 Wherein is such content
 As high Chilao's children know,
 Yea, each and every one!
 The little brothers of the snow,
 The sisters of the sun,
 The silent watchers of the pass,
 The hunters of the moon,
 The angels of the mountain-grass,
 Those changelings of June:

Chilao! Sing Chilao! With purple roof and gold!
 God send your fires may never die — and we shall
 not grow old.

So we with candle, book, and bell
 Have reached Chilao's crest,
 Thereon a little while to dwell,
 We wanderers of the West:
 Then once again to take the trail,
 The trail unknown and long,
 Our souls where high the eagles sail,
 And in our hearts a song:

Chilao! Sing Chilao! The Trail, The Pool, The
 Sky!
 God send no fate that we forget the name we know
 you by.

Henry Herbert Knibbs

THE VAGABOND

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heav'n above,
And the by-way nigh me,
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread to dip in the river,
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life forever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me,
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.

Or let Autumn fall on me,
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger,
White as meal the frosty field,
Warm the fireside haven,
Not to Autumn will I yield,
Not to Winter even.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me,
All I ask is the heav'n above,
And the road below me!

Robert Louis Stevenson

THE DOWN-AND-OUT

So, son, you've come to the Tropics, heard all that
you had to do

Was to sit in the shade in a coconut glade, while the
dollars rolled in to you?

They gave you that at the Bureau, you got the
statistics straight?

Well, hear what it did to another kid before you
decide your fate:

You don't go down with a short, hard fall; you just
sort of shuffle along,

And lighten your load of the moral code till you can't
tell the right from the wrong.

I started off to be honest, with everything on the
square,

But a man can't fool with the Golden Rule in a
crowd that don't play fair.

It's a choice of riding a dirty race or of being an
also-ran.

My only hope was to sneak and dope the horse of
the other man.

I pulled a deal at Guayaquil, in an Inca silver mine,
And before they found 'twas salted ground I was
safe in the Argentine.

I made short weight on the River Plate when run-
ning a freighter there,

And cracked a crib on a rich estate without ever
turning a hair;

But the thing that'll double-bar my soul when it
flaps at Heaven's doors

Was peddling booze to the Santa Cruz, and
Winchester forty-fours.
Made unafraid by my kindly aid, the drunk-crazed
brutes came down
And left in a quivering, blazing mass a flourishing
border town.

I was then in charge of a smuggler's barge on the
Coast of Yucatan,
But she sank to hell off Cozumel one night in a
hurricane.
I got to shore on a broken oar in the filthy, shrieking
dark,
With the other two of the good ship's crew converted into shark.
From a limestone cliff I flagged a skiff with a salt-soaked pair of jeans,
And worked my way (for I couldn't pay) on a fruiter
to New Orleans.

It's a kind of habit, the Tropics, that gets you worse
than rum;
You get away, and you swear you'll stay, but it calls
— and back you come.
Six short months went by before I was back there on
the job,
Running a war in Salvador with a black-faced, bare-foot mob.
It was General Santiago Hicks at the head of a
grand revolt,
And my only friend from start to end was a punishing Army Colt.

I might have been Presidentè now, a prosperous
man of means,
But a gunboat came and blocked my game with a
hundred and ten marines.
So I awoke from my dream dead-broke, then drifted
from bad to worse,
And sank as low as a man can go who walks with an
empty purse.
But stars, they say, appear by day when you're
down in a deep, black pit.
My Lucky Star found me that way when I was
about to quit.

In a fiery-hot, flea-ridden cot, I was down with the
Yellow Jack,
Alone in the Bush and all but dead; She found me
and nursed me back,
She came like the Miracle Man of old and opened
my bad, blind eyes,
And upon me shone a clear new dawn as I turned
my head to the skies.
There was pride and grace in her brown young face,
for her's was the blood of kings;
In her eyes flashed the glory of empires gone and
the secret of world-old things.

We were spliced in a Yankee meetinghouse on the
land of your Uncle Sam,
And I drew my pay from the U.S.A., for I worked
at the Gatun Dam.
Mind you, I take no credit for coming back to my
own —

Though I walked again with honest men, I couldn't
have done it alone.

Then the devil sent his right-hand man — I might
have suspected he would —

And he took her life with a long, thin knife because
she was 'straight' and good.

Within me died hope, honor, pride and all but a
primitive will

To hound him down on his blood-red trail, and
find — and kill! — and kill!

Through logwood swamps and chicle camps I
hunted him many a moon,

Then found my man in a long pit-pan at the edge of
a blue lagoon.

The chase was o'er at the farther shore; it ended a
two years' quest,

And I left him there with an empty stare and a
'John Crow' on his chest.

You see those punctures on my arm; you'd like to
know what they mean?

Those marks were left by the fingers deft of my
trained nurse, Miss Morphine.

Perhaps you think that's worse than drink — it's
possible, too, you're right;

At least it drives away the Things that come and
stare in the night.

There's a homestead down in an old Maine town
with lilacs round the gate,

And the Northers whisper: 'It might have been,'
but the truth has come too late.

They say they give me a month to live — a month
or a year's the same;
I haven't the heart to play my part at the end of a
losing game.
For whenever you play, whatever the way, for
stakes that are big or small,
The claws of the Tropics will gather your pile, and
the dealer gets it all!

Clarence Leonard Hay

GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS

Gentlemen Adventurers with their past behind
them,
Dicing with their destiny upon the board of fate,
'Rolling down to Rio' or to Zanzibar you find
them,
Sometimes on a liner but more often on a freight;
War has taken toll of them — oh, staggering is the
roll of them,
Sleeping under crosses on the broken fields of
France —
But now the rest are free again to tempt the land
and sea again,
To roam the wide world over in the footsteps of
Romance.

Gentlemen Adventurers hear the great winds
calling,
Take again the open road, as restless as of yore,
Mastered by a magic that grows ever more enthral-
ling,

Still they man their argosies for a stranger shore;
Though they dream of treasure there, gold beyond
 all measure there,
It's the game they care for and that keeps them
 playing high,
The luck, and every run of it, the chance and
 change and fun of it,
That makes them roving gamblers and that holds
 them till they die.

Gentlemen Adventurers whom age can never
 wither,
Whose infinite variety dull custom cannot stale,
Youth is in the heart of them, and Fortune's gay
 'come hither!'
Sends them forth at eighty on a mad, fantastic trail!
Then here's good strength and health to them and
 just enough of wealth to them
To start them on their travels — it's all they want or
 use;
Here's luck, and for the rest of it, be sure they'll
 make the best of it,
Gentlemen Adventurers wherever they may cruise.

Berton Braley

TRAMP'S LYRIC

Oh, I have wandered up-along,
And I have travelled far,
And I have heard a-much of song
Where many singers are,
And I have gathered flowers
By valley and by hill,

And bright the golden hours
That I have lived to fill.

There be blossoms by the meadows,
There be blossoms that are fair,
There be ferns in quiet shadows
Where the dripping waters are,
And I have wandered up-along,
And I have travelled wide, —
And this is just a little song
A-drifting on a tide.

I found a little city
In a verdant valley bed,
With flowers sweet and pretty
To make a tramp a bed:
But I, I be a tramping man,
All up-and-down-along,
A stamping, champing sort of man
With just a bit of song.

There be blossoms by the meadows,
There be blossoms that are fair,
There be ferns in quiet shadows
Where the dripping waters are:
But I have wandered up-along,
Ashore and on the main,
And this is just a little song
Ere I go on again.

There never was a meadow,
There never was a hill,
There never was a shadow

With content enough to fill —,
There never was contenting
The feet of feckless men,
Of rest I am relenting
And must move on again.

Oh, I shall wander up-along,
And I shall travel far,
And I shall hear a-much of song
Where many singers are!
I go to garner flowers
By valley and by hill, —
Ah, bright the happy hours
That I shall live to fill.

Bill Adams

THE COWBOYS PASS

Out of the mesquite and out of the chaparral,
Out of the hills they came thundering down,
Reckless and ribald and rowdy with merriment,
Shocking the staid little streets of the town.
Flushed with the wine of the wind they came gal-
loping —
Oh, how the thoroughfares clattered and rang!
Cow-punchers in for a night of hilarity,
Each on a demon he called a mustang.

Musical hoofs beat an urge to adventuring;
Bits that were barbed held the broncos in check;
Pink were the nostrils blown wide with the breath
of them;
White was the froth on each shoulder and neck.

Coiled at the horns were the loops of the lariats —
Huge were the saddles and heavy as hate;
Spurs that were sharpened and cunning in cruelty
Leaped to their flanks if they slackened their gait.

In from the ranches the cowboys came galloping,
Sitting their saddles with insolent grace,
In from the mesquite and in from the chaparral,
In from the purple-gray stretches of space.
High were their spirits and careless of consequence,
Full of impertinence, color and verve.
Oh, how I thrilled at their dare-devil wickedness,
Easy, cool courage and nonchalant nerve!

They were a breed who would fight for the fun of it,
Throw down the challenge or pick up the glove;
Men with a creed that was boldness and brother-
hood,
Quick to a quarrel and quicker to love.
Mirth-loving fellows — how rich was the drawl of
them!
Stalwart and tanned by the kiss of the sun;
Big-hearted boys of a large camaraderie,
Mettlesome, fiery and quick with a gun.

Into the bars they went, smoking and swaggering,
Threw down their coin with a flourish and bang,
Called to the crowd with a fine prodigality,
Ordered the drinks all around for the gang.
Spurning the greaser and taunting the tenderfoot,
Oh, what a picture they made in their chaps!
Bow-leggèd fellows with guns at the belts of them,
Eager for friendship and eager for scraps.

Gone are the girls and the games and the revelry,
Gone are the jazz and the jibe and the jest;
Darkness has settled at last on the liquor-joints,
Ending the day of the wide-open West.
Yet through the streets in the shadowy silences,
Horsemen are galloping, galloping — hark!
Dreary and dim as the mists of remembering,
Cowboys are galloping into the dark!

Into the dimness, like ghosts they are galloping
Into the night — and the stars are agleam!
Riders impalpable, quietly vanishing
Into the shadowy regions of dream.
Out on the prairies their spirits are galloping,
Galloping, galloping, never at rest,
Into the mesquite and into the chaparral,
Into the heart of the Infinite West.

Perry Holmes Lowrey

TEM-TEM-PI-TATION

There's a prize that's full familiar from Zanzibar
to France;
From Tokio to Boston; we are paid it in advance:
It's the wages of adventure, and the wide world
knows the feel
Of the stuff that stirs good huntsmen all and brings
the hounds to heel.
It's the one reward that's gratis and precedes the
toilsome task —
It's the one thing always better than an optimist can
ask.

It's amusing; it's amazing, and it's never twice
the same;

It's the salt of true adventure and the glamour of
the game!

Chorus — It is tem-tem-pi-tation!
 The one sublime sensation!
 You may doubt it, but without it
 There would be no derring do!
 The reward the temptee cashes
 Is too often dust and ashes,
 But you'll need no spurs or lashes
 When temptation beckons you!

Oh, it drew the Roman legions to old Britain's
distant isle,

And it beckoned H. M. Stanley to the sources of
the Nile;

It's the one and only reason for the bristling guns
at 'Gib,'

For the skeletons at Khartoum and the crimes of
Tippoo Tib.

The gentlemen adventurers braved torture for its
sake;

It beckoned out the galleons and filled the hulls of
Drake.

Oh, it sets the sails of commerce, and it whets the
edge of war;

It's the sole excuse for churches and the only cause
of law!

Chorus — It is tem-tem-pi-tation! etc.

No note is there of failure — that's a tune the
croakers sing;

This song's of youth and strength and health and
time that's on the wing;

Of wealth beyond the hazy blue of far horizons
flung —

But never of the folk returning, disillusioned,
stung.

It's a tale of gold and ivory, of plunder out of reach,
Of luck that fell to other men, of treasure on the
beach —

A compound, cross-reciprocating, two-way, double-
spell.

The low, sweet lure to heaven and the tallyho to
hell.

Chorus — It is tem-tem-pi-tation!
The one sublime sensation!
You may doubt it, but without it
There would be no derring do!
It's the siren of to-morrow
That knows naught of lack or sorrow;
So you'll sell your bonds and borrow,
When temptation beckons you!

Talbot Mundy

THE PRODIGAL SON

Do you call to mind the Scriptural tale
Of the roving Prodigal Son —
How it fell he cried for his father's house
And despaired the thing he had done?
And he rose and made the old, dear streams
Which marked the boundary lines,

And a hill-crest broke by a thread of smoke —
All well-remembered signs.

His peace returned as he tended the flocks —
And watching the sunlight gleam,
And the salt-white stones of the homestead walls,
He forgot his broken dream.
And he had forgot when he went away,
Or had never fully known,
How dear he held a girl who dwelled
By the fields where the grain was grown.

But autumn wore on and winter came
And time was swiftly sped,
Till a wistful thought arose one day:
Desire he believed was dead.
'Oh mother dear, say, what was done
With my old knotted staff?
Was my patched cloak burned when I returned
From off the wayside path?'

To Hebron came another spring
And to the slopes of Lebanon,
Again the father's heart aggrieved,
For again he yearned a son.
This time he took no heritage —
Naught but his staff and cloak.
A bolt left drawn and he was gone,
With never a farewell spoke.

For he that hath in his restless blood
Some ancient, wandering strain,
May dwell content for a season of peace,
But it will rise again.

When the camel drivers curse and sing
Along the dusty trail,
The old-trod track will call him back —
And nothing may avail.

Ira South

DEDICARE

We are they that seek the Clew, riding for the
Name,
Past the wayward winds that blew, past the lures
of Fame;
Men fail and the words of men, shall deeds of men
fail, too?
A rouse for the Endless Errantry, we that seek the
Clew!

*For the Name thrice-murmured in our ears
Is a spur ye never knew,
Who listed laggard through the Years,
Nor sought to gain the Distant View.*

Leave Love and the Lover — 'tis our's to discover,
Though Death be the portion of this our Long
Quest;
So in with the rowel, out with the avowal,
The Oath of the men who know riding is best.

*Though the Clew, mayhappen, long ago
Was passed in the Vale of Youth,
Yet yonder hill, for all ye know,
May bear a sign of the Utter Truth.*

Lay the lashing by — never! We still seek the
lever
To pry the Great Secret from God's granite lips;
By the Oath we essayed it, by the Name we ha'
prayed it,
Foresworn in the service of Blood Fellowships.

*Though the marrowed bones of the early Band
Long since have ashed to dust,
We'll reach at least what they have spanned,
By the zeal of the riding-lust.*

We are they that seek the Clew, riding for the
Name,
Past the wayward winds that blew, past the lures of
Fame;
Men fail and the words of men, shall deeds of men
fail, too?
A rouse for the Endless Errantry, we that seek the
Clew.

Eugene Richard White

HELEN

They have come back, bleached as the ancient ships
That drew them through the sea's blind ravenous
miles
Home from smouldering Troy. But their gray lips
Are mute of songs of return and empty of smiles.
They have come home: ask them where they have
been
That stricken, pitiful dreams stare out of their
eyes:

*'Her hair is as gold as sun on a javelin,
But he who follows her fierce beauty dies.'*

What have they seen, these warriors none may
weep,

To fill their mouths with words of alien fire?

'She was a silver bugle-call piercing our sleep.

*We wept and woke and followed and died of
desire.'*

They have come home, a desolate, desolate few:

*'O sinister, lovely dream that stopped our
breath!*

O bitter beauty of war men run to woo!

*None ever win to her arms, but sleep with
Death.'*

Carr Liggett

THE GALLEY-SLAVE

Oh gallant was our galley from her carven steering-
wheel

To her figurehead of silver and her beak of ham-
mered steel;

The leg-bar chafed the ankle and we gasped for
cooler air,

But no galley on the waters with our galley could
compare!

Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and our masts
were stepped in gold —

We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the
hold;

The white foam spun behind us, and the black shark
swam below,
As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and we
made the galley go.

It was merry in the galley, for we revelled now and
then —

If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we fought
and loved like men!

As we snatched her through the water, so we
snatched a minute's bliss,

And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the lover's
kiss.

Our women and our children toiled beside us in
the dark —

They died, we filed their fetters, and we heaved
them to the shark,

We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast the
galley sped

We had only time to envy, for we could not mourn
our dead.

Bear witness, once my comrades, what a hard-bit
gang were we —

The servants of the sweep-head, but the masters
of the sea!

By the hands that drove her forward as she plunged
and yawed and sheered,

Woman, Man, or God or Devil, was there anything
we feared?

Was it storm? Our fathers faced it and a wilder
never blew;
Earth that waited for the wreckage watched the
galley struggle through.
Burning noon or choking midnight, Sickness,
Sorrows, Parting, Death?
Nay, our very babes would mock you had they time
for idle breath.

But to-day I leave the galley and another takes my
place;
There's my name upon the deck-beam — let it
stand a little space.
I am free — to watch my messmates beating out
to open main,
Free of all that Life can offer — save to handle
sweep again.

By the brand upon my shoulder, by the gall of
clinging steel,
By the welts the whips have left me, by the scars
that never heal;
By eyes grown old with staring through the sun-
wash on the brine,
I am paid in full for service. Would that service
still were mine!

Yet they talk of times and seasons and of woe the
years bring forth,
Of our galley swamped and shattered in the rollers
of the North.

When the niggers break the hatches and the decks
are gay with gore,

And a craven-hearted pilot crams her crashing on
the shore,

She will need no half-mast signal, minute-gun, or
rocket-flare,

When the cry for help goes seaward, she will find
her servants there.

Battered chain-gangs of the orlop, grizzled drafts
of years gone by,

To the bench that broke their manhood, they shall
lash themselves and die.

Hale and crippled, young and agèd, paid, deserted,
shipped away —

Palace, cot, and lazaretto shall make up the tale
that day,

When the skies are black above them, and the
decks ablaze beneath,

And the top-men clear the raffle with their clasp-
knives in their teeth.

It may be that Fate will give me life and leave to
row once more —

Set some strong man free for fighting as I take
awhile his oar —

But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her
service then?

God be thanked! Whate'er comes after, I have
lived and toiled with Men!

Rudyard Kipling

COASTS

I have known the wizardry of ghostly beaches,
And the white arms of guileful bays,
The welcome and dismissal of the headlands,
And shores that fled the gaze.

I have watched the faint gleam of harbor cities
Grow bright at night upon the deep,
And capes of blue with palms and tangled man-
groves
Swim out of morn and sleep.

I have felt the crash of dead seas falling
At noon on coral reefs and sand,
And in the twilight heard a lone gull calling
The burden of the strand.

I have seen the flash of friendly beacons,
And caught the boom of warning bells —
And wild the chimes in steepled havens singing
A passion of farewells!

For every voyage was that other voyage
Across the deeps where stars are sown,
And every coast a threshold and a barrier
Before a fate unknown.

Clark B. Firestone

WITH ISHMAEL

Oh, hearts were made for stay-at-homes
Who build a little fire,
But feet were made for wanderers
Whose ankles never tire.

And hands were made for those who love,
And lips for love to press;
But feet were made for gypsy-folk
To know no weariness.

For doors were made for householders
Who sleep the night inside;
But feet were made of knowing flesh
By flinty road-sides tried.

They say that arms are strong to hold,
And yielding lips are sweet;
It may be well for sober folk
Who have forgot their feet.

But I, — I have a going foot,
It will not let me stay;
I bid good morrow to my host,
And buss his dame good-day.

Ishmael had a going foot, —
Under a faery spell,
Out upon the crags of life
I camp with Ishmael.

Willard Wattles

THE ADVENTURER

He came not in the red dawn
Nor in the blaze of noon,
And all the long, bright highway
Lay lonely to the moon,

And nevermore, we know now,
Will he come wandering down
The breezy hollows of the hills
That gird the quiet town.

For he has heard a voice cry,
A starry-faint 'Ahoy!'
Far up the wind, and followed
Unquestioning after joy.

But we are long forgetting
The quiet way he went,
With looks of love and gentle scorn
So sweetly, subtly blent.

We cannot cease to wonder,
We who have loved him, how
He fares along the windy ways
His feet must travel now.

But we must draw the curtain
And fasten bolts and bars
And talk here in the firelight
Of him beneath the stars.

Odell Shepard

DEAD WATERS

When men reap only where they have not sown
And share those things it is not well to share;
When none may say, 'This is my very own;'
And there is nothing left to dream and dare,
Then will there be no hope and no despair,
No battle bravely lost or nobly won;
But unimaginable darkness where
No wind shall stir, nor any water run.
Nor shall they mourn a long forgotten sun
Nor wail the lack of unremembered stars.
They shall be born, and die — and all be done
Silently, in a dungeon with no bars.
They shall watch old fires sink and old faiths cool
With eyes grown duller than a stagnant pool.

John French Wilson

REQUIEM FOR A MODERN CRÆSUS

To him the moon was a silver dollar, spun
Into the sky by some mysterious hand; the sun
Was a gleaming, golden coin —
His to purloin.
The freshly-minted stars were dimes of delight
Flung out upon the counter of the night.

In yonder room he lies
With pennies on his eyes.

Lew Sarett

GALLEY SLAVE

They keep him in a cage, each day, 'til five;
His salary is thirty-seven *per*.
One can't say what his young ambitions were —
Perhaps to catch a unicorn alive!
All day he perches on his stool and writes,
A queer, hump-shouldered bird with tilted head,
Columns of neat, small figures, black and red,
That riot in his frantic dreams at nights.

Figures that stand for cheese, and wooden bricks,
For pounds of nails, and petticoats, and braid;
What Blinker owes, and what Bazinkus paid. . . .
Head of the 'office' — Cheers! — at fifty-six.
Christ, what a beaten way to end one's innings:
Totaling up another fellow's winnings!

Vincent Starrett

CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD

Walled cities I sack
With my fellows at my back, —
I've an eye for a horse, or a wench.
I can dally at ease
With a frivolous marquise,
Or sleep with the dead in a trench!

When I lay aside the steel
Every year or so, to kneel
Or to burn a candle, pardie!
My thoughts grope ahead

Where my mother (long since dead)
In Heaven waits for me.

But I know, when I am slain,
She will look for me in vain,
For my soul in Hell shall bide;
Where the worm dieth not
I must burn, God wot!
With the men who fell by my side.

Hunger I have felt;
The holes in my belt
Tell of many a dinnerless day;
But I've dined with kings
And worn baubles and rings,
Since I threw my scabbard away!

A thousand tavern walls
Resound to the brawls
Of my merry men and me;
The tankards we drain
From Flanders unto Spain
Would float half the ships on the sea.

My cape is worn and old,
And most of the gold
Is gone from the baldric I wear;
But I'm ready for a fight,
Or to fall in love at sight,
Any time, anywhere!

John D. Swain

SONGS TO A TRAMP

I

Here are my old pants;
Look at them well.
Pockets? — Plenty room in them
For things that won't sell.

Flappy at the bottoms,
Baggy at the knees —
Just the thing to wear
When you shin up trees.

But the pockets! oh, the pockets!
They are just the thing
To stuff your hands down into
Any time you sing.

2

Overcoat is very old,
Overcoat is thin;
It won't keep things out,
But will keep them in.

Forget the old rain, friend;
Never mind the frost.
Wrap yourself in warm dreams,
Or everything's lost.

You can be expecting
Summer any day.
If you haven't any songs,
Here are some to give away!

3

Brother, I am sorry —
But I've only one shoe.
If you shouldn't find a mate for it,
Any shoe will do.

Happy shoe! lucky shoe!
Never sick or glum —
Up and down the world
Taking things as they come.

It will find itself a mate;
It will see you through —
Why! I couldn't think of giving it
To anyone but you!

Harmon C. Wade

THE TROPICS

'The legion that never was listed,'
The soft-lilting rhythm and song,
The starlight and shadowy tropics,
The palms — and all that belong;
The unknown that ever persisted
In dreams that were epics of bliss,
Of glory and gain without effort —
And the visions have faded, like this.

From dusk to dawn, when the heat is gone,
The home thoughts nestle and throb,
And the drifting breeze through the dim,
gray trees,
Stirs up the fancies wan

Of the old, cool life and a white man's wife
 With a white man's babes on a lawn,
Where the soft greens please — yet each mor-
row sees
 The flame that follows the dawn.

From dawn till eve the hot hours leave
Their mark like a slow-burned scar;
And a dull, red hate 'gainst the grilling fate,
 Impulse and fevers weave;
While the days to come — in years their sum —
 The helpless thoughts perceive
As an endless state, sans time or date,
 That only gods relieve.

Rubber or gold — the game is old,
The lust and lure and venture;
And the trails gleam white in the tropic night
 Where the restless spirits mould;
A vine-tied cross 'neath the festooned moss,
 Bones in a matting rolled;
No wrong or right, the loss is slight,
 The world-old fooled of gold.

'The legion that never was listed' —
 The glamour of words in a song,
The lure of the strange and exotic,
 The drift of the few from the throng;
The past that was never resisted
 In the ebb or the flow of desire,
The foolish, the sordid, ambitious,
 Now pay what the gods require.

Charles Johnson Post

THE WANDERING MEN

They cannot learn their lessons here,
The little, troubled, wandering men;
Nor ever find the pathway clear
That seeks again

Those far and fairest things of earth
Whose memories yet can trouble so,
Their flickering lives so little worth
They only know

Their ways are set with ghosts and gleams
Of the dead years whose buried days
Snare them again in drifting dreams
That mix and maze

Their lonely, loveless lives and lead
Them back to wayward wanderings,
Ashamed to own their chiefest need
These dear, dead things —

The loom of hills, blue of deep lakes
And the gay gleam of ladies' eyes —
Dumb and distraught for old loves' sakes,
Sick and unwise.

They tread these thronging streets of ours,
The little, troubled, wandering men,
Living those old and mighty hours
Time and again.

L. A. Pavey

THE WANDERER

Whose farthest footstep never strayed
Beyond the village of his birth
Is but a lodger for the night
In this old wayside inn of Earth.

Tomorrow he shall take his pack
And set out for the ways beyond,
On the old trail from star to star —
An alien and a vagabond.

Richard Hovey

THE DRIFTER

Red blood to the core of him and a smile in his deep
brown eyes,
And he'll do a pal a favor when the luck of a good
pal dies.
But he's hard on himself, this drifter, he's harder
than lips can tell,
Though he never has seemed to reckon how near
he has come to hell.

Wonderful way about him, a wonderful way with
men,
Makes friends wherever he chooses then hits to
the road again,
Out on the seas that call him, to the trails that few
can find,
But this drifter, he locates them, for they're open
to his kind.

Oh, the drifter always scents them, in the wilderness, the hills,

Some undiscovered sea-space that furnishes the thrills;

Some land beyond conception of the man who loves his rut

Is the land that tempts this drifter when the other gates are shut.

The world has stamped him failure, seared him with a burning brand,

But the world can't get his number, it will never understand

That call that sends him seeking for the Never-Never goal

With a heart clean full of longing and a weariness of soul.

Oh, the world will never grant it that a man who cuts his trace

Has a right to live and prosper in a human being's place;

It never knew and somehow it can never, never know

That a drifter is oft the dreamer that makes this old world go.

Percy W. Reynolds

INVOCATION

Lord, let me never 'settle down'!

Though in one house, one job, one town,

My commonplace career be spent;

Save me from smugness and content.

Help me in each new day to find
A fresh adventure for my mind,
And to retain within my breast
Something of Youth's unsated rest.

Lord, let me never 'settle down'!
Though, failing riches and renown,
I still can find a joyous place
To make my heart and pulses race.
For there are journeys I can take
With Marco Polo and with Drake,
Dream-rovings and discoveries,
To untouched shores and unknown seas.

Lord, let me never 'settle down'!
Nor let my eager wonder drown
In some smooth, placid, sluggish stream
Of mere existence. Help me dream,
And seek and yearn and dream again —
In heart, at least, like bolder men
Who roam the sphere and know not peace,
Nor want it, till their wanderings cease.

Keep evermore alive in me
That joyous curiosity
Which keeps men young and all aglow
To hear, to see, to feel, to know!
Thus, though toil grind me in its mill,
Life shall be full of glamour still,
Whether fate smile on me, or frown,
Lord, let me never 'settle down'!

Berton Braley

INDUCEMENT

Their songs all sing the open road,
And yet, by curious turn,
It's not for the endless trail at all
That the wandering brethren yearn.

They make the best ports unknown to call,
But dream in every clime
Of spreading wide their peaceful tents,
In some far, happy time.

It's searching out this resting-place
Their roving lives are spent;
They would lay a hearth and dig them wells
In the country of content.

And just behind yon sea-blue hill,
No man can surely say —
May lie the blessed slopes they seek,
To settle down for aye.

Ira South

THE COMING OF THE SONS OF GOD

And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face
of the earth, and daughters were born unto them —
That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were
fair — and they took them wives of all which they chose.

Genesis

The dawn came out of the navel of night
With a circle of silver swords,
And the little people hung in fright
From dew-strung gossamer cords.

The morning sprang from spire to spire
And north and south there rolled
The thundering beauty ringed with fire
When heaven's gates unfold.

In farmer's cote and little down
The daughters woke with mirth
When the sons of God came striding down —
Came striding down the earth.

Oh, linked in love and arm they came
And made their lordly jests —
The sons that Jahveh could not tame
Came striding down with their laughter of flame
And symbols on their crests!
And maidens' eyes were lit with flame
And flame was in their breasts.

Above the swaying of the cows
The old men snored and slept,
But the young men woke and beat their brows
And tore their robes and wept.

Like silver daggers quivering
In scented cedar wood,
Unclothed, and brave, and shivering,
The laughing daughters stood.

Herman Fetzner

WORLD WANDERERS

The Gipsy comes with his caravan
To the place where roads divide,
(He hath no love for the country-man,
But his Gipsy kin range wide)

He ties a knot in the roadside grass,
In the green, glad grass of brown,
That his kind may come in turn and pass
On the straight-flung road to town.

The Gipsy bends in the roadside heat,
Or the roadside cold, to tie
The telltale knot that the Gipsy feet
Of his kin pass truly by.
Over the roads of the world and back
He is faring day by day;
But always held to the beaten track,
For the grass-knot points the way.

The white man touched with the Gipsy strain,
With the strange, black blood and free,
(It may be new in the white man's vein,
Or it may be old as he)
The white man tried at the white man's fire,
Though he holds one spot as home,
No way is strange to his hot desire
And the world is his to roam.

Where the hills to untilled plains run down —
Oh, the lonely hills and bare! —
Where there is no hint of mart or town,
'Tis the white man's foot first there;
In the wild, unconquered new-found land,
Where the new-crossed rivers sing,
He comes ahead of the Gipsy band
That is only following.

The Gipsy holds to the grass-knot guide,
And it ties him at his ease;
But the white man walks on ways untried,
And he is not tied by these;
His only tie is the wind that blows,
Or the sun that shines by day,
And he bears a heart no Gipsy knows
To the wide world's ends away!

Charles C. Jones

THE FREIGHT YARDS

In the long spring evening's twilight, when the sun
is setting low,
And the smoke from all the engines flushes up, a
rosy glow,
Then I come up to the bridge-head, watch the
lights and net-work rails,
Think of when I rode the freighters — engines
spouting steam like whales,
*D. L. W., Jersey Central, old Rock Island, Pere
Marquette,*
Reading coal cars down from Scranton, piled with
anthracite like jet.

*N. & W., the Great Northern, Lehigh Valley,
B. & O.,*
Like a giant earth-worm twisting, slowly 'round
the curve they flow.
Caravans of freight move westward, bearing east-
ern goods away —
To come back with hogs and cattle, bales of sweet
Kentucky hay.

Brakemen walk along the roof-tops, lingering for
a moment's chat;
There an engineer, while smoking, long and
eloquently spat.

Wandering life and care-free rovers, seasoned in
adventure bold,
In the old caboose at night-time many a thrilling
tale is told.
But — on duty in the winter, when there's hail and
ice and snow,
And the rails and roof are ice-cased, and you slip
each step you go —,
Or the melting, boiling summer, when the blisters
lump the paint,
And the fierce sun strikes directly, and you feel
you're like to faint —

That's the time you curse the life out, striking for
a rise in pay,
Say a dog has better living, but you can't quite get
away —
For the rugged freedom holds you, spite of freezing
cold and sweat,
And the grating, grinding thunder of the freights
you can't forget.
L. & N., D. L. & W., Erie, Reading, P. R. R.,
Riding on your sliding roof-tops, that's where joy
and freedom are.

Phœbe Hoffman

SWEETWATER RANGE

We were loping along in the Sweetwater Range,
When the shadowy hand of sleep
On the blue earth had settled like raven's wings
With a swift mysterious sweep.

Tranquil and dark as a slumbering sea,
The slow, black tides of the plain
Washed up to the outriding sentinel buttes,
Washed back to the prairies again.

The valley lay calm as a beaver-pond
When the hunter-moon hangs low,
And the hills were as soft as the velvet sod
Under an antelope doe.

Serene overhead in the dusky blue
A single star through the night
Glowed like a candle held by God
As a friendly beacon-light;

A flame in the window of His vast house
Beckoning out to me —
I could almost see Him peering down
As He waited expectantly.

So I flung Him a couple of friendly songs
As I cantered a lonely mile;
'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,' 'Old Black Joe,'
'Jordan,' and 'Beautiful Isle.'

For the singing of psalms my voice was raw —
I was never a parson pet;
And the tremolo wail of a shivering wolf
Made it a strange duet.

But hard on the echoes — from Avalanche Peak,
Where the Yellowrock Cataract spills —
I heard Him sing down to me clear as a bell
In the frosty dawn of the hills.

Lew Sarett

COWBOY SONG

We are up in the morning ere dawning of day
And the grub-wagon's busy and flap-jacks in play,
While the herd is astir over hillside and swale
With the night-riders rounding them into the trail.

Come, take up your cinches
And shake up your reins;
Come, wake up your bronco
And break for the plains;

Come, roust those red steers from the long chaparral,
For the outfit is off for the railroad corral!

The sun circles upward, the steers as they plod
Are pounding to powder the hot prairie sod,
And it seems, as the dust turns you dizzy and sick
That you'll never reach noon and the cool, shady
creek.

But tie up your kerchief
And ply up your nag;
Come, dry up your grumbles
And try not to lag;

Come, now for the steers in the long chaparral,
For we're far on the way to the railroad corral!

The afternoon shadows are starting to lean
When the grub-wagon sticks in a marshy ravine
And the herd scatters further than vision can look,
For you bet all true punchers will help out the cook!

So shake out your rawhide
And snake it up fair;
Come, break in your bronco
To taking his share!

Come, now for the steers in the long chaparral,
For it's all in the drive to the railroad corral!

But the longest of days must reach evening at last,
When the hills are all climbed and the creeks are all
passed,

And the tired herd droops in the yellowing light;
Let them loaf if they will, for the railroad's in sight!

Come, strap up the saddle
Whose lap you have felt;
So, flap up your holster
And snap up your belt;

Good-bye to the steers and the long chaparral;
There's a town that's a trump by the railroad corral!

Joseph Mills Hanson

THE CHOOSING

A stern-lipped angel stranger lays hold upon my
hand;
He leads me out with Lot, my spouse, across the
pallid sand,
With the handful of The Righteous for whom the
Lord will stand —
Culled from merry Sodom and Gomorrah.

The Righteous! The Righteous!
Their eyes are bleak and bright.
They hunger after grace by day
And thirst for it by night.
They love a chill Jehovah
Who is pitiless to smite
All save The Righteous! The Righteous!

Across the arid desert, in the tender, new-born
day,
Away from mirth and melody which august wrath
will slay,
Away from sleeping Sodomites, the friendly and
the gay —
And the pleasant wicked in Gomorrah!

Across the parching desert they are leading me in
haste,
Away from green and growing things toward a
trackless waste,
From the merry Sodom sinner, forsaken and dis-
graced —
And the pleasant wicked in Gomorrah!

The Righteous! The Righteous!
Their feet are fleet with fear.
They speed with eyes that strain ahead —
And yet they pant to hear
The scalding rain of brimstone
On the cities they held dear —
Such be The Righteous! The Righteous!

Now, I was born a Righteous and The Righteous
are my kin,
And gates of bliss shall open wide to welcome me
within;
Yet Sodom sinners are my friends, so I love sin —
And the pleasant wicked in Gomorrah!

The Righteous! The Righteous!
My tears will make me blind.
My tears are salt upon my lip,
I cannot leave behind
To sear in lonely brimstone
The merry and the kind —
Saving my soul with The Righteous!

Pale Lot and august Abraham . . . the awful angel-
guide . . .
I work my fingers from his grasp . . . and now I slip
aside . . .
The sky is red with Righteous Wrath, but I would
rather bide
With the pleasant wicked in Go——

Ruth Comfort Mitchell

THE TAKING OF BAGDAD

Had you taken Rome of story, you had taken pomp
and glory;

Had you taken Codrus' Athens, where the broken
marbles gleam,

You had taken all the beauty of Ionia for your
duty —

Where you took the courts of Bagdad, there you
took the courts of dream!

Did the sacred pave, I wonder, break before a genii
thunder

Underneath the cursèd marching of the Chris-
tians in the street?

When the muezzins are calling, while the eastern
dusk is falling,

Do you smell the orange blossoms and Damascus
roses sweet?

Are there veiled, averted faces which you pass in
sheltered places,

With a heavy scent of attar and a sheen of cloth-
of-gold?

Have you found a Caliph's chalice in some mina-
retted palace,

Or the key to mosque and chamber such as
Scheherazade told?

Under olive groves enchanted, where the date
and fig are planted,

Do you follow as the byways of the secret garden
lead?

Where the nightingales are singing and the blazing
pheasants winging,

Have you found, bewitched, a princess hid in a
pomegranate seed?

Had you broken Persia's pinions, when the satraps
sent their minions

To the westward of the Iran for an empire supreme,

You had taken all the splendour of which Asia was
the vendor —

When you took the courts of Bagdad, then you
took the courts of dream!

Kadra Maysi

THE CALL OF THE ADVENTURERS

Go! Call them up from the sea, from the reefs un-
charted and lonely;

Where the green-crested combers curl, rolling
them deep and under.

Where the gray shark noses their bones, and the
circling sea-mews only

Plaintively answer the challenging roll of the
surge's thunder.

Hail them down from the North where the blinding
blizzards sweeping

Out of the boreal space congealed their blood with
its breath.

Fearless and unafraid they fought as they felt it
creeping

Sluggishly up through their veins to the heart that
labored with death. .

Beckon them up from the South, the barren and
desolate spaces

That betray the seekers of gold to thirst and ultimate despair.

Under the coppery sky they lie with their blackened
faces,

As the vultures wheeling on high drop down through
the heat-laden air.

Bring them out of the West, where the lone night-
rider singing,

Circles the restless herd as the lightning pierces
the sky.

Thunder and lashing rain — stampede and the mad
hoofs ringing,

As horse and rider go down and the fear-frenzied
herd sweeps by.

Hail ye forth to the feast, from the land and the
dreams that enthralled ye;

For the Lord High God of Adventure deems ye men
of true worth.

Come, O ye intrepid souls, for I, your master, have
called ye

Home from your far-flung trails that girdle the
ends of the earth.

Orrin K. Charles

THE UPLAND

We often go a-driving across the pleasant land,
In summer through the pine-woods dark, or by the
ocean strand;
But when the orchards blossom and when the
apples fall,
We seek the high hill-country that props the moun-
tain wall.

Old farms with mossed-stone fences, old grassy
roads that wind
Forever on and upward to higher fields behind,
By ancient bush-grown pastures, bestrewn with
boulders gray,
And lonely meadow slopes that bear thin crops of
upland hay.

As terrace over terrace, we climb the mountain
stair,
More solitary grow the ways, more wild the farms
and rare;
And slenderer in their rocky beds the singing brooks
that go
Down-slipping to the valley stream a thousand feet
below.

Above us and above us, still, the grim escarpments
rise,
Till homeward we must turn at last, or ere the day-
light dies,

And leave unscaled the summit height, the even
ridge o'erhead,
Where smoulder through the cedar screen the sun-
set embers red.

What should we see, if once we won on that top
step to stand?

A wondrous valley world beyond? A far-stretched
table-land?

Almost it seems as though there lay the threshold
of the sky,

And that the foot which crossed that sill would enter
Heaven thereby.

And when, dear heart, the years have left us once
again alone,

And from our empty nest the broods have scattered
forth and flown,

Shall we not have the old horse 'round and take the
well-known track

Into the high hill-country, and nevermore come
back?

Henry A. Beers

THE SONS OF DAN

Through great sun-blinded valleys where bones of
the lost are strown,

To lurching of white-topped wagons and din of
household pans,

To lowing of stumbling cattle, whip-crack and
bitter groan,

The Mormons march with the Lord of Hosts in
the dust of their caravans.

Their broad-brimmed hats with tattered rims are
white with alkali,
They ride in a cloud with the sun before like an
olden lure of flame;
They thirst and choke while the women crouch by
pallets where madmen die
Through arrow and fever and fortune-thrust for
the glory of God's name.

Ever and ever the scouts drift in with long, black
guns unslung,
With tangled beards and red-rimmed eyes that
have out-stared Death's own,
And the wagons wheel as the horses leap, urged on
by lash and lung,
And the charging Kiowas divide on a ring of fire-
flecked stone.

Arises a chant where flame-beds glow to the God
of the Sons of Dan;
Deep coulees throb to thundering hymns that shake
the prairie sod;
And the vast, black night that closes down like the
evil doom of man,
Quivers long to a battle song of the grim old Mor-
mon God.

For these are the Men of the Covenant, of the
Word and Avenging Sword;
They ride to the blast of Gabriel on their way to a
goodly vale,

By trails of death, by lonely plains, past floods with
never a ford,
They follow a splendid prophecy, a flame and a
Holy Grail.

And the word of the prophet is certain: they shall
build an abiding place;
They shall make them another Jerusalem, with a
tabernacle of prayer.
And the Men of the Lord shall raise them up new
seed of a mighty race,
And the Sword of God shall go with them where-
ever the bugles blare.

There are bones where the wagons rumble, there
are skulls in the prairie grass —
But on they roll through storm and sun in the might
of a firm accord;
For the Sons of Dan shall greatly thrive whenever
it comes to pass
That they raise them a splendid city to the glory
of the Lord.

Leyland Huckfield

HUGO THE BASTARD

Note: This remarkably dramatic and lyrical poem is a genuine find. It was published in 'Temple Bar' of London, over sixty years ago, the author being fifty-three years of age at the time and a prolific writer whose works are now out of print. Notwithstanding its somewhat archaic form, it is full of life, color, and action, and constitutes a most interesting commentary on the popular verse of that period.

I picked this quarrel, D'Avanne, with thee,
And I thank thee for giving that death-thrust sure.

Little, I swear, did it matter to me
Whether Blanche, thy mistress, was stained or
pure.

All that I sought when I picked this fight,
Was a knightly death by the hand of a knight.
(Hold thy kerchief, De Loye, to my breast,
And stanch the red gap as well as you can —
Ugh! Jesu be praised, I shall soon be at rest!)

A priest? No — by Heaven! — your hand,
D'Avanne —

We're friends, I trust? You forgive the lie?
Injure you? Slander you? Faith, not I!
Thy Blanche is as pure as my sin is small;
I questioned her purity only to die.
And I've proved she is pure with my blood, that's
all.

Ah, friend, all slander is most accurst,
But the slander of one's own eyes is the worst;
Doubt not, — doubt not, — doubt not, D'Avanne, —
By the faith in thy mistress ever trust,
So walk erect the full height of a man,
When I am dust.

De Loye, you knew her — my wife that is dead?
Nay, man, never tremble and hang your head.
I know what I'm talking about, and moreover,
The scandalmongers of dull Navarre
Have cropped the whole tale up, spawn that they
are;

Chewed the cud, too, as cattle eat succulent clover.
Let them! Who hinders? Not I, I swear —

I who am going to join her up there!

Hush — lift me, De Loye, prop my head on your
knee.

Quick, your hands — come closer and listen to me:

What was I but a sin in the night,

Sprung up at last to a human height?

Hugo the Bastard, sans name, sans treasure,

The mortal scum of a monarch's pleasure!

But I strode to the Court with my sword on loin,

Rugged of feature but scant of coin, —

Till over his golden beard smiled Francis,

And gave me some little fighting to do.

So I rose in the world by the merest chances

And rose in my own opinion too.

But — look at this head, like the head of an elf;

This beak of a nose, these eye-balls yellow;

I've looked in the mirror and hated myself —

I was ever the same, an ill-favoured fellow —

Base-born, moreover, of no degree —

God bless her, therefore, for smiling on me.

How they stared — just as you, De Loye, stare
now;

Even King Francis made a grimace.

None of the gad-flies could understand how

A lady so perfect of form and face

Should place her white, little dove of a hand

In the great, black palm of M'sieu Hugo.

She did it, tho' — and they tied the band

Snug enough in a town where but few go.

From Paris we came to Navarre, and bade

Francis adieu, and his gorgeous train.

How firm I felt on my legs — how glad;
The bright blood sparkled through every vein
With the beaded brilliance of bright champagne.
I was rich, pretty rich, as you guess, by this time;
I was never a man to waste money or miss time.
And here in Navarre, at Castle Blois —
A place to be proud of, though small, we led
Such a life — a long summer's dream of joy —
Till she lay in the darkness and bare me my boy,
Who caught but a glimpse of her beauty and fled.
Fled? Nay, I avow, De Loye, my friend,
His soul dwelt like light on her face till the end.
Just then came a line from the King: I must fain
Ride over the mountains and fight in Spain.
I have never forgot how she looked that night
When I showed her his Majesty's mandate to
leave;

She rose on her pillow and strained me tight,
While her wild, black hair in the dim lamp-light
Sparkled dark on a bosom too stony to grieve.
She wept not but gazed in pale affright
With her great dark eyes. Aye — D'Avanne was
right —

Women are nobler than men believe.

Off I rode. Shall I own it, not so unwilling
To return to the business of wounding and killing?
I was happy, most happy, though pleasure seemed
tame;

I had feared any change, yet was pleased when it
came.

Ah — we men! We male weather-cocks! What
are we

That women should love us so utterly?
Off I rode, sword on hip, and was soon far away
Tickling the Spaniard's yellow gizzards,
Fighting 'neath sun and star — no stay —
Till these cheeks of mine were brown as lizards.
Not a scratch got I! The sharp steel shaved me
Closely as razors and hissed as it fell.
What might have happened I cannot tell —
But, on two occasions the angels saved me.

Angels? Ah, I forgot: a boy —
(How I bleed! press the kerchief closer, De Loye)
An Italian boy, with great black eyes,
Sun-tanned cheeks and an elfin head,
And a drooping underlip, berry-red,
Where the senses lighted like butterflies.
He turned up, pale, in the midst of the strife,
And brought me a letter from madam, my wife —
Blessings, injunctions, protestations,
Kisses, prayers, asseverations —
Then — 'The boy who brings you this, my Hugo,
A poor Italian, Angelo,
Craves that in battle he may with you go
And learn what grown men, warriors know.
Thy page, thy henchman let him be —
I knew his mother in Italy.'
More blessings, injunctions, protestations,
Kisses, prayers, asseverations —
I kissed the letter, then turned me 'round
To the boy who stood with his eyes on the ground,
With cheeks blushing ruddy as junipers —
And I liked him because he had eyes like *her's*.
I made him my henchman as she bade —

A capital henchman, too, he made,
Though once or twice, in the thick of the fight,
I fancied I saw his cheek turn white.
Yet, he bit his lips and upheld his head —
Struggled among the living and dead,
And saved my life three times, as I said.
Tanned and yellowed but full of fun,
Home we rode when the war was done.
Some dozen leagues from Castle Blois
I parted from Angelo, the boy,
Who promised to join me, his master, anon,
At home at the Castle. I galloped on.
The rest was a dream, for my soul was astir,
And my heart was bounding to look on *her* —
Till she stood at the gate with her arms outheld,
And I slipped from the saddle and clasped her to
me,
While servants shouted, the mastiff yelled,
And a bliss like quick-silver sparkled through me.

The very next morning there came a billet
From Francis, compelling me, willy nilly,
On urgent affairs to the Court to repair, straight.
Grumbling a little, I jumped on my mare, straight,
Rode, entered Paris, saw 'Gold-beard' again,
Who held out his hand with an air that delighted
me,
Who praised me galore for my doings in Spain,
And — drawing his sword — with that grace of his,
knighted me.
How glorious I felt when I mounted to ride
To Marie, in the pride of my honour, new-gained.
How the hedges and fields whistled by as I strained

Every nerve of the brute, hasting on to her side.
But — lo! a tried servitor met me mid-way —
(Tried, mark you — and true — be he damned with
my hate!)

Who whispered — (now mark how De Loye turns
away —

You know what he whispered, De Loye, ay — but
wait —)

That the dark-eyed Italian, Angelo,
The stripling whose face I had fancied so,
Had been watched one night as he quietly crept
Into the room where my lady slept.
I listened dumbly, then, white as death,
Struck the grey fiend on the mouth, and he fell.
But — followed by all the devils of hell
As I galloped onward, and scarce drew breath
Till I came to Castle Blois by night,
When the moon was up and the fields wore a light
Like the gleam of a lamp on a face that is dead.
(Higher, De Loye — grasp me under the shoulder.
There's a hammering, clamouring here in my
head!

I'm growing weaker — I'm growing colder.)

Swiftly I sprang to my lady's room;
The grey slave followed and bore a lamp.
We rushed upstairs with a hasty tramp —
And — crouching back in the scatter'd gloom,
Without the door of her chamber, — Ho!
His bright eyes sparkling, Angelo.
'T was enough — by the throat I gripped him tight;
He could not speak, but his eyes were bright
With a beautiful horror, strange to see.

I hissed to the knave: 'A death by steel
Were too sweet an end for such as he;
Help me to grip him, neck and heel,
And place him in the great oaken chest
That lies in my chamber — for there he shall rest
Till he rot!' The grey knave, who was used to
such work —

He had camped with the Arab and smoked with the
Turk —

Lent a hand, and 'twas done, and along through
the gloom,

The boy was borne to his living tomb.

And — can I ever forget, De Loye,
The last, despairing look of that boy? —

Who strove in vain to utter a cry,
As we tombed him in silence and left him to die.

Then strode I back, with a fiend in my soul —
These yellow eyes glaring, my face white as
snow —

Firmly gripping the sword, free to settle the whole
Black account with the woman, my mistress —
but, no!

Her chamber was empty, the bird had fled.

I sat me down on the side of the bed —

Thought, trembled and muttered: 'Let her go!'
(Raise me higher, De Loye, and prop up my head —
You know what the scandal-monger said.)

I kept my secret till now, I die!

(De Loye, De Loye, bend down and hark!)

I fought, I swaggered, but — bye and bye,
I rose one night and groped in the dark —

Lit a lamp and lifted the lid of the chest,
And saw — *her*, in her stripling's raiment drest,
Her face shrivelled up with horror —, dead eyes
Blankly, dreadfully staring on me —
Fair limbs twisted up in their agonies,
And . . . Marie! Marie!

Robert Buchanan

THE EXILE'S RETURN

OR

DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST

*M' anam do Dhia!** But — there it is:
Dawn on the hills of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my sireland!
O Ireland, isn't it grand you look —
Like a bride in her rich adorning! —
And with all the pent-up love of my heart,
I bid ye the top o' the mornin'!

This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning,
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning —
Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scorning;
O Ireland! Don't you hear me shout?
I bid ye the top o' the mornin'!

Ho! Ho! On Cleena's shelving strand
The surges are grandly beating,

*Gaelic — 'My soul to God!'

And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us the kindly greeting;
Into the shore the seabirds fly
On pinions that know no drooping,
And out from the cliffs, with welcome charged,
A million of waves come trooping.

O kindly, generous Irish land,
So leal and fair and loving,
No wonder, the wandering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving.
The alien home may have gems and gold,
Shadows may ne'er have gloomed it,
But the heart will sigh for the absent land
Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't Ould Cove look charming there,
Watching the wild waves' motion,
Leaning her back up against the hills,
With the tips of her toes in the ocean!
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells —
Ah! maybe their chiming's over,
For 'tis many a year since I began
The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, asthore machree!
Those hills I now feast my eyes on,
Ne'er met my vision save when they rose
Over memory's dim horizon.
E'en so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me —
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
To see Texas' skies still o'er me.

Ah! often upon those Texan plains,
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave
And around this coast-line hover;
And the prayer would rise that some future day —
All danger and doubting scorning —
I'd help to win for my native land
The light of young Liberty's morning!

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows —
Was ever a scene so splendid!
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze;
Thank God, my exile's ended!
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and cot I was born in —
O Ireland! Up from my heart of hearts
I bid ye the top o' the mornin'!

John Locke

THE FOOT-PATH WAY

The old path, the worn path,
With a pack upon your shoulder, —
Oh, there are pleasant places
For walking men to know.
So sing your catch the bolder
Across the meadow spaces,
Along the highway places,
That lead where men should go.

The old path, the dim path,
With fairy feet that patter, —

Oh, there are magic places
A-down the ferny glen.
But turn you with your clatter,
For these are secret spaces,
The children's special places,
And never meant for men.

The old path, the steep path,
To the dizzy ridges clinging, —
Oh, there are toilsome places
For walking men apart.
You've lost your breath for singing,
But the song of open spaces,
Of jagged skyline places,
Is working in your heart.

The new path, the hard path,
With a pack upon your shoulder, —
Oh, there are lonely places
For walking men to go.
Above the scrub and boulder, —
Dawn-transfigured spaces,
Stern and starlit places, —
And it's these that you shall know!
The Pedestrian

· COME WITH ME FROM LEBANON ·

Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me
from Lebanon —
Down with me from Lebanon to sail upon the sea.

The ship is wrought of ivory, the decks of gold,
and thereupon
Are sailors singing bridal songs and waiting to
cast free.

Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me
from Lebanon —

The rowers there are ready and will welcome
thee with shouts.

The sails are silken sails and scarlet, cut and
sewn in Babylon,

The scarlet of the painted lips of women there-
abouts.

And there for thee are spikenard, calamus and
cinnamon,

Pomegranates and frankincense and flagons
full of wine,

And cabins carved in cedar-wood that came from
scented Lebanon,

And all the ship and singing crew and rowers
there are thine.

Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me
from Lebanon,

They're hauling up the anchor and but tarrying
there for thee.

The boatswain's whistling for a wind, a wind to
blow from Lebanon,

A wind from scented Lebanon to blow them out
to sea.

Anonymous

LORD ARNALDOS

The strangest of adventures
That happen by the sea,
Befell to Lord Arnaldos
On the Evening of St. John:
For he was out a-hunting —
A huntsman bold was he —
When he beheld a little ship
And close to land was she.
Her cords were all of silver,
Her sails of cramasy;
And he who sailed the little ship
Was singing at the helm.
The waves stood still to hear him,
The wind was soft and low,
The fish who dwell in darkness
Ascended through the sea,
And all the birds in heaven
Flew down to his mast-tree.
Then spake the Lord Arnaldos —
(Well shall you hear his words!)
'Tell me for God's sake, sailor,
What song may that song be?'
The sailor spake in answer,
And answer thus made he:
'*I only tell my song to those
Who sail away with me.*'

James Elroy Flecker

DISCOVERY

Dream not of swords and guns galore,
In some far land across the seas,
Where lusty villains bathe in gore —
Few men find chances such as these.
You ask where real adventures hide?
Go forth and find them — at your side.

Anonymous

DIM BEAUTY

There will always be one or two who hold
Earth's coin of less account than fairy gold.
Their treasure, not the spoils of crowns and kings,
But the dim beauty at the heart of things.

Anonymous

HIGHGATE HILL

As I came down the Highgate Hill,
The Highgate Hill, the Highgate Hill,
As I came down the Highgate Hill,
I met the sun's bravado —
And saw below me, fold on fold,
Grey to pearl, and pearl to gold,
This London, like a land of old —
The land of Eldorado.

Oh, Drake he was a sailor bold,
And Frobisher, Sir Walter, too,
But ne'er they saw so rich a realm
As this that lay before us.

Methinks they strode beside me still,
Blood of my blood, down Highgate Hill —
Methinks they felt the self-same thrill
And sang the self-same chorus.

And Keats he joined us half-way down —
Keats the chemist, Keats the clerk —
Oh, Keats he joined us half-way down,
And laughed our lusty laughter.
And hailed with us the far lagoons,
The mystic groves, the hid doubloons,
And all the passionate, splendid noons,
And the feasts that fall thereafter.

As arm in arm down Highgate Hill,
Down Highgate Hill, down Highgate Hill,
As arm in arm down Highgate Hill,
We met the sun's bravado —
And saw below us, fold on fold,
Grey to pearl, and pearl to gold,
Our London, like a land of old —
The land of Eldorado.

H. H. Bashford

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an agèd wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
 Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vexed the dim sea.

I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known, — cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honored of them all;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
 Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use,
 As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains; but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —

Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought
with me —

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all — but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks —
The long day wanes — the slow moon climbs — the
deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off and sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides. And though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven — that which we are, we
are,
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

THE UNMERCENARIES

Jolly good fellows who die for the death of it,
Fight for the fun of it, live for the breath of it;
Catch at the instant and drink of the minute,
Thinking not, caring not what may be in it.

Foolish good fellows (and all of us know it),
Wasting their midnights in being a poet,
Giving their lives to the life of humanity,
Dreaming of fame — that extreme of insanity.

Silly good fellows who labor for science,
Lighting the way for their race's reliance.
Bearing their burdens with mien of a stoic,
Dreaming of gratitude — myth unheroic.

All the good fellows who think not of wages,
Foreign, in part, to the thing that our age is,
Giving no heed to the weight of the coffer,
Taking what Fate and not men have to offer —

They and the like of them, here's a good health to
them!

Taint of our lower aims never undo them,
They will survive us all, passed through the portal;
Life often jests at what death makes immortal!

Anonymous

REBELLION

To wake at morn,
And hear the little laugh
Of the lake-wind in the trees;
To watch at dawn
The earliest sunbeam kiss
The mist-crowned, towering peaks
And glide down to the plains: —

Ah, that is Life!
Not this: — to wake at morn
And hear the swelling roar
Of Man, Beast, and Machine,
Toiling in murky air
And a city's sweat!

At noon to dream
Where Nature's bowers are hid
Beneath an arch
Of twined and intersticing vines,
While on the air
Quivers the chanting of the sighing woods,
And the songs of mating birds: —

Ah, that is Life!

Not this: — at noon to pause
And lay aside the pen for one brief hour;
Then to return, as I did yesterday,
Will do tomorrow and on all tomorrows —
Oh, Fool, Machine, and Slave!

Again at dusk,
To watch the sun's last ray
Fade in the west;
To feel Earth's grand transition
From day to night —
That moment when the world
Pauses and knows itself!
The Angelus chimes
And echoes 'round the Earth;
Here the Muezzin's call,
There a child's lullaby,
And now a poor serf's prayer . . .
Earth's evensong!

To hear that is to live!
Not this: — to breast the roaring surge
Of thousands, pale and tired, dead in soul,
Crowding with merciless haste toward home —
Home? . . .
Past ere the sweet of home has touched the sense!

To toil that we may sleep,
That better we may toil;
To toil that we may eat,
That better we may toil.
Ay — that is Life! But still —
But still we dream!

Stephen Chalmers

SONGS OF MEN

To please the pale, æsthetic mind is not our chief
 desire or hope,
Nor yet to charm the woman's ear who comes upon
 this rhyme by chance;
Our song is loud, we-all allow, of spur and rifle,
 horse and rope,
Of trail and trouble, wind and sun, and many a
 crimson circumstance.

You'll find no noble sentiment, although in every
 verse you look;
Nor classic melody entwined about a theme of sob
 or sigh;
But like the rest we up and went and saw, and what
 we saw, we took
To monument our glory-trail and leave a name to
 know us by.

We, partners, bought a horse apiece and learned
 how far a man may fall
And rise again without the aid of crutches, splints,
 or angel-wings:
We learned to save the bacon-grease and flop the
 flapjack, large or small —
To ride and shoot and punch the dough — drink
 alkali, and other things.

We learned to throw the diamond-hitch and swim
 a ford grown impolite;
To rope and tally, brand and cut the steer we wanted
 from the herd:

To never call a man a name unless we were pre-
pared to fight;
This rhyme internal staggers — but you're wel-
come to supply the word.

We traveled high, we traveled far, and found a
trail or made our own;
Ate tough tortillas in the heat or thawed our grub
at Fifty-Three;
We dallied at The Klondike bar or played the
wheel in San Antone;
We locked the door on Vain Regret and, *poco*
pronto, lost the key.

We crossed the border, drifting down to dark
Sonora in the South;
Bought trinkets for the Spanish girls — and am-
munition on the side —
Made love in old Sonora-town and kissed Romance
upon the mouth;
Blew out a Chola light or two — and then we simply
had to ride.

We paid to hear the bottles pop; and paid for silk,
chiffon, and lace;
Wore tans and gaiters, tinted socks, and graced
the side-walks of New York;
Got pinched at Maxim's — bribed the cop, but
never learned to quite outface
The early morning looking-glass — so shunned
the gown and flying cork.

Of late we've felt the touch of age and found the
saddle pretty hard;
Our ponies, too, have lost the stride that once they
had when tough and young;
So now we ride the printed page instead of round
the *cavia-yard*,
To pick a top-horse here and there — the broncho
songs that men have sung.

Oh, broncho songs that pitch and squeal and thrill
the heart that pulses red!
Oh, mountain dawn and desert night and tinkle
of the pack-horse bell!
The belted thigh, the roweled heel, the unregener-
ate hope that led
Our eager feet along the trail we loved so long —
and love so well!

Old-timers in an ingle-nook we sit and drowse
beside the flame;
We've stuck together through it all, and dream we
live it all again.
We read the book, and read the book, and in our
hearts we play the game,
And monument the sunset-trail for those who love
the songs of men.

Henry Herbert Knibbs

TWO OLD MEN

Sit-by-the-Fire:

Men travel far and far away
To come home on a happy day;

And even they whom the roads call,
Who never knew a home at all,
They dream, I think, of roads that end
At four walls with a fire and friend!

Foot-loose:

I've never seen a hill but I
Have dreamed a hill behind it,
Nor ever watched a falling star
Without the hope I'd find it;
And all the islands of the sea
Have known my name and called to me!

Sit-by-the-Fire:

I have planted apple trees
And eaten at my pleasure,
My house is full of memories
For an old man to treasure.
This I have and that I have,
And you may see them standing:
Silver in the dining room,
An old clock on the landing!

Foot-loose:

I have neither house nor tree,
Nor heirs alert and knowing,
The four roads of eternity
Are ways I would be going.
Vagabonding in the skies —
I will not ask for Paradise!

Louise Driscoll.

AS THE LARKS RISE

No gypsy born of the old, true blood
Dies between walls of stone or wood;
They are too courteous to Death
To bid him come for that last breath
Through a low door to a mean space
Unfitted to his rank and grace.

God grant that in no narrow room
Death peers at me through curtained gloom;
But somewhere in the first, fresh dawn
Green be the hill I lie upon.
And let Death come to me as one
With the wind and the dew and the lifting sun.

Theodosia Garrison

AT THE GATE

Beyond the gate I see a hand —
It beckons me and I must go.
The garden-plot grows small, and I
Must rise, and travel forth, and *know*.

*Ah, little son, 'tis but the white road winding
Across the green hills, out towards the sea;
Would'st find it hard to tread, and the sun
blinding —*

Ah, little son, look not — stay thou with me.

Beyond the gate I hear a song,
The bravest song I ever heard —
'Come out!' it cries, 'And tarry not,
Thou craven heart that hast not stirred.'

*Ah, little son, 'tis but the old world calling —
And all the years gone by and yet to be;
But an old song of dawn and the sands falling —
Ah, little son, heed not — rest thou with me.*

Beyond the gate the world is wide,
And I have tarried all too long.
And, look — the least touch lifts the latch
That welcomes me to strife and song.

*Ah, little son, thou should'st not so have hastened
To leave thy tender garden bare to me;
Too soon the years had crowned thee, old and
chastened —*

Ah, little son, faint not — God go with thee!

H. H. Bashford

AT THE LAST

He loved the hills and streams where no man
wandered,

It was his greatest joy to find, explore;
And death, he said, would be a great adventure
Save that so many men had gone before.

Will H. Hendrickson

A PASSAGE

The world was made when a man was born;
He must taste for himself the forbidden springs,
He can never take warning from old-fashioned
things.

He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth,
He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the
truth

Of the friends of his soul, he must laugh to scorn
The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes
That are clear as the wells of Paradise.

And so he goes on, till the world grows old,
Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has
grown cold,

Till the smile leaves his mouth, and the ring leaves
his laugh,

And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to
quaff.

He grows formal with men, and with women polite,
And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight;
Then he eats for his palate, and drinks for his head,
And he loves for his pleasure — and 'tis time he
was dead!

John Boyle O'Reilly

HOPE DEFERRED

Oh, snows so pure! Oh, peaks so high!
I lift to you a hopeless eye.

I see your icy ramparts drawn
Between the sleepers and the dawn.

I see you, when the sun has set,
Flush with the dying daylight yet.

I see you, passionless and pure,
Above the lightnings stand secure;

But may not climb, for now the hours
Are spring's, and earth a maze of flowers.

And now, mid-summer's dust and heat,
I stay my steps for childish feet.

And now, when autumn glows, I fear
To lose the harvest of the year.

Now winter frowns, and life runs slow,
Even on the plains I tread through snow,

While you are veiled or — dimly seen —
Only reveal what might have been.

And where high hope would once aspire,
Broods a vast storm-cloud dealing fire.

Oh, snows so pure! Oh peaks so high!
I shall not reach you till I die.

Lewis Morris

THE MUSIC-MAKERS

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory;
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy

MALIBRAS

The sun laughed through the rain on Malibras,
For Malibras was dead.
And in the trooping city
The light paused overhead.
We shall not know the little clinging secret
That crept behind the door,
Nor why the slanting dust went singing gaily
Across his face to the floor.
But in the morning thunder leaped from the
eastward,
And lightning dazzled our eyes,

As Malibras went onward to the rendezvous
Without surmise.
There was a roar of cheering in the city,
A wind of gold,
And a whirl of air stole upward from his body,
Exultant and very old.
Down the winding pathways of Delaunay
The cortège turned
To an ant-hill under beechtrees boled and mossy
The light had spurned.
And in the city of other dreamers
Who labor not nor spin,
There was an arch prepared with suitable inscriptions:
... He entered in ...
From left to right and north to south he wandered,
For Malibras was glad;
And he crept through a door in the twilight
That led to the dream he had.
Grasses curled round his eyelids,
Roots around his heart,
And you may see him in the eyes of a violet
Laughing apart.
For the ants took the dust of him crumbled to gray-
ness,
But found not the rest,
And Malibras shall win, when he rouses at the
trumpet,
The flame that his heart suppressed.

George O'Brien

WHEEL-TRACKS

A full day's ride from the nearest town,
Where the coyote howls an evening song,
And the sun-baked earth is cracked and brown —
Two faint, old wheel-tracks drift along.

Did a prairie schooner pass this way
In the dusty haze of a summer day,
Rolling and dipping over the swells
As it followed the winding grade?
Or was it the Fargo stage went by,
With a shot-gun messenger perched on high,
Swinging out in a wide détour
From the hostile ambushade?

Did a gray-beard teamster hold the lines
On a freighter bound for the placer mines,
There where a black gulch notches the range
Thirty miles from ranch or road?
Or a sunburned lad in the army blue
Of 'C' Troop, rushing the rations through,
Sharp eyes watching the distant smoke
Of a Cheyenne signal code?

The faint, old wheel-tracks drift along
Just visible to the keenest sight —
Can you hear the hoofs and the cracking thong?
Was it peaceful travel or running fight?

Elliott C. Lincoln

THE GYPSIES' ROAD

I shall go on the gypsies' road,
The road that has no ending;
For the sedge is brown on the lone lakeside,
The wild geese eastward tending.

I shall go as the unfettered wave,
From shore to shore, forgetting
The grief that lies 'neath a roof-tree's shade,
The years that bring regretting.

No law shall dare my wandering stay,
No man my acres measure;
The world was made for the gypsies' feet,
The winding road for pleasure.

And I shall drift as the pale leaf strayed,
Whither the wild wind listed;
I shall sleep in the dark of the hedge,
'Neath rose and thorn entwisted.

This was a call in the heart of the night,
A whispering dream's dear treasure;
'The world was made for nomads' feet,
The winding road for pleasure.'

I stole at dawn from my roof-tree's shade,
And the cares that it did cover;
I flew to the heart of the fierce North wind,
As a maid will greet her lover.

But a thousand hands did draw me back
And bid me to their tending;
I may not go on the gypsies' road —
The road that has no ending.

Dora Sigerson

BABYLON

I'm going softly all my years in wisdom if in pain —
For, oh, the music stirs my blood as once it did
before —
And still I hear in Babylon, in Babylon, in Babylon
The dancing feet in Babylon of those who took
my floor.

I'm going silent all my years but — garnered in my
brain
Is that swift wit that used to flash and cut them
like a sword —
And now I hear in Babylon, in Babylon, in Babylon
The foolish tongues in Babylon of those who
took my word.

I'm going lonely all my days, who was the first to
crave
The second, fierce, unsteady voice that struggled
to speak free —
And now I watch in Babylon, in Babylon, in
Babylon
The pallid loves in Babylon of men who once
loved me.

I'm sleeping early by the flame as one content and
grey,

But, oh, I dream a dream of dreams beneath a
winter moon —

I breathe the breath of Babylon, of Babylon, of
Babylon

The scent of silks in Babylon that floated to a
tune.

A band of years has flogged me out — an exile's
fate is mine,

To sit with mumbling crones and still a heart
that cries with youth —

But, oh, to walk in Babylon, in Babylon, in Babylon

The happy streets in Babylon when once the
dream was truth.

Viola Garvin

MUTINY

Oh, I have drugged my consciousness to live behind
brick fortresses,

And taught myself a strange lore culled from dull
and sleeping books.

But there's little for the heart of me where earth is
bound by paving stones,

And little for the soul of me where chains are in
men's looks.

*For I am of the lean type, the wind-ripe, the
venturesome;*

*I have read the rocks' books and gained the
mountain's height;*

*I have pulled the stars down from out the highest
places,
And danced with them triumphant by a river
through the night.*

I know that there is duty here where winds creep
through small places,
And men sing loud of labor and endure the lash
that stings.
But in the roaring market place I know each soul
that passes me
Is a worshiper of feeble gods, the Gods of Little
Things.

*But I am of the lean type, the sun-ripe, the
voyager,
My body has grown heavy with a longing for my
kind;
So bear with me a little if I snap the gripping
manacles,
And ship aboard the evening star before the
evening wind.*

Kate M. Tucker

THE LIFE-LOVER

O landlord, let me lift the flagon high,
And blow aside its radiant foam and drain
Your wine, as one who will not thirst again,
And for to-morrow sets no ransom by.
I would not taste and sip and pause to sigh,
But quaff alike the acrid reek or pain,
And joy's hot fragrances that fire the brain —
So would I drink, nor pause to question why.

And if, ere it is finished, midnight nears,
And with the score you stand beside my seat,
I shall not cry aloud a bankrupt's fears,
But rising, smile and pay the bill complete,
And pour, a last libation at your feet,
The sluggish dregs of age, all salt with tears.

Frederic F. Vandewater

THE FIDDLER

Donal o' Dreams has no bed for his sleeping,
No gold for his keeping, no glove for his hand;
But the birds understand his wild music's leaping
And the children follow his fiddle's command.
He is sib to the winds and the wandering streams —
And the stars are the kinfolk of Donal o' Dreams.

When day goes over the edge of the dark,
The grandsires hark to his songs of old;
And on dreams of gold do the lads embark
While the lassies beckon him in from the cold.
But he's heeding no hearth where the firelight
gleams —
For the Voices are calling to Donal o' Dreams.

Playing o' nights by the fairy rings,
The brown fiddle swings a dancing song;
Nor right nor wrong in the music sings —
(O the light feet whirling the leaves along!)
Soulless as moon's light and soft as her beams
Sounds the fairy music of Donal o' Dreams.

Gold cannot stay him nor maidens' sigh —

Stars fleck the skies — or the fiddle's croon
Softens the noon on his way that lies

To the East of the Sun and the West of the
Moon —

Always in search of that Land he is roaming,
And he follows its Gleam from the dawn to the
gloaming.

Edna Valentine Trapnell

TIME'S FOOL

Time turns upon a dipping wing;
Time lags but may not stay;
Rewards and portents he will bring
To all that praise or pray;
Desires and doubts determining
In his own time and way.

Time flies from them he leaves behind;
Time halts for them that wait;
Time brings to him of lowly mind
The prize of high estate;
The hand of Time is seldom kind
To them that call him Fate.

Time lifts the latch but opens not
The door to passers-by;
Time's hand will fill the scalding pot
Of pride or agony;
Yet in his shady garden-plot
Shall many tears be dry.

Time is the scourge of every slave
In every age and clime;
Time grows a flower for every grave
And gyves for every crime;
Though old and honoured, wise and brave,
Time is the fool of time.

Time gives his choicest wares away
To them that would not buy;
Time's Morrow and Time's Yesterday
Be-gem the midnight sky;
For him that finds Time's bright To-day
Time finds the time to die.

Anonymous

THE JACOBITE ON TOWER HILL

He tripp'd up the steps with a bow and a smile,
Offering snuff to the chaplain the while;
A rose at his button-hole that afternoon —
'Twas the tenth of the month, and the month it was
June.

Then shrugging his shoulders he look'd at the man
With the mask and the axe, and a murmuring ran
Through the crowd who, below, were all pushing
to see

The gaoler kneel down and receiving his fee.

He look'd at the mob, as they roar'd, with a stare,
And took snuff again with a cynical air:
'I'm happy to give but a moment's delight
To the flower of my country agog for a sight.'

Then he look'd at the block, and with scented
cravat

Dusted room for his neck, gaily doffing his hat,
Kiss'd his hand to a lady, bent low to the crowd,
Then, smiling, turn'd round to the headsman and
bow'd:

'God save King James!' he cried bravely and shrill,
And the cry reach'd the houses at foot of the hill,
'My friend, with the axe, *à votre service*,' he said;
And ran his white thumb 'long the edge of the
blade.

When the multitude hiss'd he stood firm as a rock;
Then kneeling, laid down his gay head on the block;
He kiss'd a white rose, — in a moment 'twas red
With the life of the bravest of any that bled.

George Walter Thornbury

LAMENT

'Tis here they say the journey ends
And little doubt it must be so;
But, as I tell my bestest friends,
I hate to go.

For eighty year I've went and come
'Long with the lowliest of the low;
Yet, though the work-house be my home,
I hate to go.

'Twas good to sit and turn the news
And hear of others' weal or woe;

Even from the sick-ward's window-views
I hate to go.

A parlous thought: the silent throng
Who'll greet my bones in Beggar's Row;
Bound up-along, or down-along,
I hate to go.

Eden Phillpotts

THE PEDDLER

I peddles pencils on Broadway.
I know it ain't a great career.
It's dull an' footless — so folks say —
And yet I've done it twenty year,
Held down my same old corner here
An' never missed a day.

I peddles, an' I watch the crowd.
I knows 'em — all they say an' do —
As if they shouted it out loud.
I look 'em through an' through an' through!
By crabs! they'd kill me if they knew —
They are so fine an' proud.

I knows 'em! Oh, it's in their eyes,
It's in their walk, it's in their lips!
They tries to bluff it — but I'm wise!
An' they 're just children when you strips
The smirk off; an' the clerks, the chips,
Stands clean of all the lies.

I've watched so long, I scarcely see
The clo'es — it's just the faces now.
Somehow I knows their misery,
An' wonders — when? an' where? an' how?
Elbow an' shoulder — on they plow —
An' yet somehow they speaks to me.

I'm like the priest — an' all day long
They tells me what they've thought an' done;
An' some is flabby, some is strong,
An' some of 'em was dead an' gone
Before they ever saw the sun . . .
I know where some of 'em belong.

I peddles pencils. Christ! An' they?
They does the things that seems worth while.
I watch 'em growin' old an' gray,
An' queer about the eyes, an' smile
To see 'em when they've made their pile,
A-totterin' up Broadway.

Hermann Hagedorn

THE TANG OF THE SEA

‘HARBORS ONLY ENTERED IN THE NIGHT’

I’ve voyaged on uplifting seas like wine,
Strong, singing seas, opal and foaming white;
To ports where what is yours is also mine —
To harbors only entered in the night.

And I have steered by compass and by star,
Have kept my reckoning by log and sun,
Have learned there is no distance, near or far —
That *all* are often not so great as *one*.

And I have voyaged on great tumbling seas,
Deep seas of blue and shallow seas of green —
Cruel days have whispered promises of ease,
And these have perished in the nights between.

And — far from fact — I have approached Belief,
Beyond that sea of glass men call the Truth;
I, too, have found Experience but a thief,
A barrator of dreams desired by youth.

I’ve had companionship with sailor men —
Have kept true watch for those who trusted me —
And now I bring a ship to port again,
In memory of the men I knew at sea.

Felix Riesenberg

BALLAD OF THE LAUGHING SALLY

A wind blew up from Pernambuco —
Yeo, heave O! the *Laughing Sally*!
Hi yeo — heave away!

A wind blew out of the East-sou'-East
And boomed at the break of day.

The *Laughing Sally* sped for her life,
And a speedy craft was she.
The black flag flew at her top to tell
How she took toll of the sea.

The wind blew up from Pernambuco —
And in the breast of the blast
Came the King's black ship like a hound let slip
On the trail of the *Sally* at last.

For a day and a night — a night and a day,
Over the blue, blue round,
Went on the chase of the pirate quarry —
The hunt of the tireless hound.

'Land on the port bow!' came the cry —
And the *Sally* raced for shore,
Till she reached the bar at the river-mouth
Where the shallow breakers roar.

She passed the bar by a secret channel,
With clear tide under her keel —
For he knew the shoals like an open book,
The captain at the wheel.

She passed the bar, she sped like a ghost,
Till her sails were hid from view
By the tall, liana'd, unsunned boughs
O'erbrooding the dark bayou.

At moonrise, up to the river-mouth
Came the King's black ship of war —
The red-cross flapped in wrath at her peak,
But she could not cross the bar.

And while she lay in the run of the seas,
By the grimmest whim of chance,
Out of the bay to the north came forth
Two battle-ships of France.

On the English ship the twain bore down
Like wolves that range by night;
And the breakers' roar was heard no more
In the thunder of the fight.

The crash of the broadsides rolled and stormed
To the *Sally*, hid from view,
Under the tall, liana'd boughs
Of the moonless, dark bayou.

A boat ran out for news of the fight,
And this was the word she brought:
'The King's ship fights the ships of France
As the King's ships all have fought!'

Then muttered the mate: 'I'm a man of Devon!'
And the captain thundered then:
'There's English rope that bides for our necks,
But we all be English men!'

The *Sally* glided out of the gloom
And down the moon-white river;
She stole like a grey shark over the bar
Where the long surf seethes forever.

She hove-to under a high French hull,
And the red-cross rose to her peak.
The French were looking for fight that night,
And they hadn't far to seek.

Blood and fire on the streaming decks,
And fire and blood below;
The heat of hell, and the reek of hell,
And the dead men laid a-row.

And when the stars paled out of heaven
And the red dawn-rays uprushed,
The oaths of battle, the crash of timbers,
The roar of the guns was hushed.

With one foe beaten under his bow,
The other afar in flight —
The English captain turned to look
For his fellow in the fight.

The English captain turned and stared —
For where the *Sally* had been,
Was a single spar upthrust from the sea
With the red-cross flag serene.

. . .

A wind blew up from Pernambuco —
Yeo, heave O! the *Laughing Sally*!
Hi yeo — heave away!
And boomed for the doom of the
Laughing Sally,
Gone down at the break of day.

Charles G. D. Roberts

CARGOES

The ships come into Baltimore to tie up at the quays
And rest them from struggles with the tumbling
Seven Seas;

Storm-tossed and battered freighters, they come
with Cornwall tin,

With Ceylon tea and spices, with toys from far
Berlin;

They come with ores from Chile, with hemp from
Yucatan,

With coffee shipped from Rio, with bamboo from
Japan.

But, as their holds are emptied, though passing
strange it seems,

The stevedores are working with the fragile stuff of
dreams.

The stevedores are singing in the shadows of the
hold,

As they work with dew and moonlight and the
sunset's gleaming gold;

But above their crooning voices I am hearing temple
bells

Lifting faintly from the garden where a lovely
princess dwells.

I am hearing palm trees whisper to the pale stars
and the moons

Songs of love that they have gathered from the
waters of lagoons.

Though the workers are unknowing, in their scarred
and calloused hands

They are bringing me the magic of a host of distant
lands.

The ships come into Baltimore a-weary of the sea,
And along the wharves of Light Street they are
 whispering to me
Strange tales of wind and weather in the ways that
 they have gone,
Of the laughter of mermaidens lilting through the
 flaming dawn;
Of the singing of the sirens that came to them from
 the deep
Like the breath of lotos blossoms where the ghosts
 of dead dreams creep.
And I lean to them and listen, while the darkies
 grin and stare,
With their hearts blind to the wonder that my heart
 is finding there.

Edgar Daniel Kramer

SKULL AND BONES

Where are all the merry men that put their curse
 on Spain,
 Drake's and Flint's and Morgan's men that
 sailed the Spanish Main?
Where are all the gold doubloons, where their
 fancy free —
Gentlemen Adventurers? Underneath the sea!

Theirs were days for hardy hearts, red-cap, ear-
 ring days;
Hairy men with tarry hands, chanting shameless
 lays;

Doing shameless deeds as well, all the way to
France —

Laying down the keel in blood of our good ship
Romance.

Irons, rum and cutlasses, flaming towns ashore,
Planks to walk and yard-arm shifts, love and
gold and war;

Then the New World isles were young, then the
ocean free —

Gentlemen Adventurers underneath the sea!

'Vast! A yellow galleon! Here's your work to do!
Run the *Jolly Roger* up! See, she's heaving-to!
Pipe all hands for boarding her! It's over ere the
dark;

She's raided, ravaged, scuttled, sunk — a palace
for a shark.

O, my boyhood heroes, bred on a purple lea,
Gentlemen Adventurers underneath the sea —
How I dreamed and dreaded you, what my love
and fears

In the days I read your lays, bearded buccaneers!

Don't you also have your dreams? Aren't you
dreaming true?

Give us back the old Romance; we have need of
you.

Send your stories up to us, set our spirits free —
Gentlemen Adventurers underneath the sea!

Reginald Wright Kauffman

A BUCCANEER CHORUS

The wolves of the ocean, we close on our prey,
In thunder we plunder and sunder his ships.
We take us no captives, it's up and away
To harbors with arbors and barbarous lips.
We ravish the lavishly galleoned main,
And ask absolution: we battle with Spain.
We knock at a door and we shock at a gate,
We fight for free commerce, and pieces of eight.

The ports of the Dons are shut to our men,
Nor trading, nor aiding, it's raiding for us.
We steal overland and surprise them, and then,
The sack and the rack and the loud blunder-
buss.
Their hooded recluses' excuses are vain,
We give them no quarter: we battle with
Spain.
The friars are liars and good is their plate,
We fight for religion, and pieces of eight.

We hold, till it tires us, a seat in the isles,
And sooty the beauty our duty to please.
The gold of Peru in discharge of their smiles —
Then out with a shout to the rout of the seas.
Shall English or Dutchmen and such men
complain?
We win them an empire: we battle with Spain.
Our crimes are the rhymes and the pageant
of fate,
We fight for high heaven, and pieces of eight.

Clark B. Firestone

OCEAN TRAILS

There are those who love the mountains, the
spruces' evening song,
The enchanting gleam of moonlight upon a distant
peak;
The mountain winds may challenge those to whom
the hills belong,
But the winds of all the oceans are blowing on my
cheek!
Oh, give to me a gallant ship — white sails before
the sun,
And the beckoning horizon where sea and sky are
one!

So they may choose the mountain paths, brown
earth beneath their feet,
But I shall follow ocean trails — blue trails that
have no end;
And I shall go to where the world is scorched by
tropic heat, —
To where upon the icebound deep the northern
stars descend.
Beyond the reefs and shallows, beyond the white
gull's cry,
I can sense the lure of foreign shores under a
foreign sky.

There are those who love the mountains, the beauty
of the hills,
But I have known the shelter of the azure sea's
embrace;

The far, blue trails are calling, and my heart with
 longing fills
To feel the touch of salt spray against my upturned
 face.
Oh, give to me a gallant ship — white sails before
 the sun,
And the beckoning horizon where sea and sky are
 one!

Catherine Parmenter

THE FREEDMAN

I have freed me of my moorings, I am shooting out
 to sea,
Where the gulls skim near the waters, for it's there
 that I would be,
Where my heart is beating, beating, and the wind
 drives keen and salt,
With the burden of my freedom and the savour of
 my fault.

I have done with chain and anchor — I have done
 with things that bind;
There are no more laws that fetter in the teeth of
 spray and wind,
Where my bows are leaping, leaping down the
 sunset's slanting ray,
To the open sky beyond it where a man may have
 his way.

I have crossed the sleepy haven, I am one with
 cloud and sea,
There are no more hands shall hold me, there are
 no more ports for me,

Where the sun is dipping, dipping and the waves
are flecked with red,
With the fishes deep below me and the sea-mew
overhead.

I am out upon the bosom where I know I first drew
breath,
Where the heart of it is beating, O! it's there I'll
meet my death.
When the silver dawn is meeting with the crests
of angry foam,
When the wind is howling, howling I will toss my
spirit home.

Viola Garvin

PRELUDE TO MYSTERY

I, who know nothing of water and ships,
Lean in the wind, in the night, to the sea.
In the salt kiss of the spray on my lips
There is the passion of things that are free.
Gaunt arms that beckon and voices that roar
Cry me a mystery cruel and sweet,
In the dim patterns that rush on the shore,
In the green whispers that die at my feet.

In the dark tumult of sea and of sky,
In the loud parables hurled on the land,
There is a perilous secret; and I
Sway to the call I do not understand.
But, in this fury that flays and derides,
In the swift ecstasy flooding my knees,
There is the coiling of uncontrolled tides
Dragging me out to the masterless seas.

Vincent Starrett

THE ELIXIR

Bawcocks and bullyes alle, who ys for ye Indies?
Where ye golden beaches lye; where ye pleasaunt
wynde ys;

Where ye verdaunt lande beguyles; where ye
dusky maiden smiles;

Who wyl saile for India, acrossse ye Spanish Main?

Rubyes for your sweetheart, lad, to mate ye lovyng
lyppes of her;

Gleamyng dimondes, precious perles, fytte for ye
queene's own crowne;

A gyrdle bost with emeraldes to grace ye slender
hyppes of her;

Doubloons in your own poche to chinke inne
London Towne!

Gentlemen Adventurers, who wyl saile for India?
Who wyl risk a stake with Drake for fortune and
for fame?

Who wyl synge ye Spaniard's bearde —

Make ye name of England feared,

Raping treasure galleons 'tyl Philip weepes for
shame?

For ye 'Golden Hynde' lyes ready and ye wynde
ys inne ye saile;

Ho, ye wynde ys blowyng steady, and I heare oure
Captaine's hail!

Who wyl saile for India? Gentlemen Adventurers,
Follow yn Magellan's tracke and sette ye worlde
aflame!

Anonymous

THE ABLE SEAMAN'S STORY

And the next ship I got was the *Auburn* of Newport
News,

A wooden tub of the 'Lame Duck' type,
Loaded with coal for Rotterdam.

I was down-hearted when I signed on.
Devon, who was with me so long,
Was drowned in the *South Cape*,
Torpedoed and sunk on the road to Liverpool.
I had saved his life in Falmouth, once, up in Cornwall.

He swore that he would do as much for me, some
day.

He was a keen, quiet chap and fond of the sea.
I know that he came of good people,
Though he never spoke of them.
Well, Devon was dead now, and part of the sea —
Even as he and I had said of men who were
drowned.

After bad luck and many delays,
The *Auburn* cleared on a rainy night,
And the trip dragged out through evil weather.
The bilge pumps were going half the time,
While that miserable coffin shipped green seas
And developed boiler troubles.

At last, we staggered into the Bay of Biscay; it's
always rough there.

But, to make things worse, there came up a storm
And the faithless ship blew out her boiler tubes,

Leaving us there without any steam, no better than
derelict.

The wireless sent out our position,
Telling what shape we were in.

Three ships, a Norwegian and two English tramps,
Came and stood by us in the storm.

But we wouldn't give in.

Our captain let them know

We would fix the tubes ourselves and proceed to
Rotterdam.

The ships stood by for a little longer,
And then lost interest, like friends by the bedside
Of one who neither dies nor gets well.

They wished us good luck and lumbered away.

For two days the storm kept up.

And the boiler tubes couldn't be fixed.

We had no steam for the pumps.

And the engine room floor plates went adrift.

All of us moped around, like children indoors on a
rainy day.

I wished a hundred times for Devon to be alive and
there.

He and I had laughed through hard times.

Being alone was different.

On the third day the wind had gone.

But the swells were heavy and our hulk hull down.

As I lay asleep on the shelf,

Some one woke me up in a boisterous way:

'All right! Hit the deck. We're rowing ashore. Get
up to your boat.'

There were Garren and Jenks, grinning at me, and wearing life-belts.

It was a poor joke for them to wake me up on a scare.

But I said, 'All right. All right.'

And when they had gone,

I turned in my bunk and went to sleep.

It must have been what they said,

For I had such a curious dream:

I was carried out of myself and up through the air.

Way, in the ocean below, was our ship, sinking,

A dark mass under green waves that washed over.

And the crew was out in boats.

Two ships, far off, stood towards the wreck,

With smoke roaring out of their funnels.

Then, it all disappeared. And I slept without dreaming.

After a while I heard Devon's voice —

Devon who was dead and part of the sea —

Calling for me to wake up.

'Look out!' he was saying, 'Jack! *Jack!*' JACK!

And I answered: 'Yes, Devon, I am here!'

And that woke me up.

I seemed to be hearing his voice.

But I couldn't make out the words.

They only sounded like 'Splash! Splash! Splash!'

Wondering where it was from I looked up.

It was leaking in from around the port.

There was no light coming in.

And all of the glass was under green water — God!

While I was staring at it the ship lurched and
settled.

Out of the door I raced, over the cold steering
engine,

And up the companionway.

I saw the ship with the well-deck under green water,
While only the poop was clear.

And the rest of the crew were out in boats.

A life-raft was still on the poop.

And it didn't take me long to get it free.

I launched it off, only in time,

As a swell rose over the deck I was on.

They picked me up in the captain's boat.

And that afternoon there hove into sight

Two sea tugs: The *Killarney* of Queenstown and
the old *St. Kitts*.

The *Killarney* took some of the crew.

But the old *St. Kitts* picked up the captain's boat

And took us all to Falmouth, in Cornwall —

Where I had saved Devon's life once.

Archie Binns

FLOWER CHILD

'W'ere is it you're a-goin' to?' says Liza.

'*I'm a-takin' of a trip to sea,*' says Pete.

'Wot is it that's a-makin' of you do so?'

'*There's a somefin' wot's a-both'rin' in me feet.*'

'W'ere will I next meet up wiv you?' says Liza.

'*You can meet me off the Horn, maybe,*' says
Pete;

*'Or maybe on the Line, in the Atlantic,
Where the outward and the homing clippers
meet.'*

*'Oh, it's 'ard to be a pore sad-'earted female
Wiv a man wot's got ter foller the cold sea.'
'Does yer fink it's dead soft ter be a sailor,
W'en the ice-cakes rides a-cracklin' down ter lee?'*

*'Oh, Peter, won't yer stay an' pick the flowers
That's a-climbin' up beside the kitchen door?'
'I 'ears the big iron bell break out the hours —
An' there's buds that breaks to blossom off the
shore.'*

*'There's flowers fairer far than lady's slippers;
There's blossoms that is sweeter than the rose —
They breaks to brightest bloom beneath the clip-
pers;
S-s-s-h — they're whisp'rin' now — I hears 'em
— an' I goes.'*

Bill Adams

THE OLD CLIPPER

Her Captain is a blackguard,
Her Mate the Devil's son.
Her crew are filthy rounders,
A cut-throat every one. —
But she sweeps a royal lady,
Your heart leaps at the sight,
For her Builder was a master,
And every line is right.

There's foulness in the hatches
And mischief in the hold.
The cabins grey and grimy
Were once all red and gold.
Crime washed through the scuppers,
And curses fill the sails;
But she takes the combers proudly
And steers as straight as nails.

She's sailing out from Port o' Death,
And bound for God-knows-where.
Her men have done their worst to her,
The rough seas played their share.
But if she carries sin or slaves
Or contraband or coal,
Nothing can spoil the master-dream
That shaped her perfect whole.

Abbie Farwell Brown

THE TWO UNTAMED

You may conquer the plain with plough and drain
And the forest with axe and saw.
You may pierce the hills with powder-drills
And shatter the mountain's awe.
But there are two you will not subdue,
Though you curb however you can,
They will brave the test of your worst and best —
The sea and the heart of man.

The desert may yield as a watered field,
And the wind may grind your grain,
The river's might may be yoked in light

Or tug at a factory chain.
But muscle nor mind these two can bind
By cunningest plot or plan,
They shall have free play to the Judgment Day —
The sea and the heart of man.

You may note their deeds and guess at the creeds
That govern their ebb and flow,
There are tales to tell why their passions swell,
But the secret you never will know.
And, willing or loath, you must love them both,
Though heaven alone may span
And fathom the breast of their deep unrest —
The sea and the heart of man.

Charles Wharton Stork

CAPTAIN LOREDAN

A.D. 1499

Old Venice grappled with the Turk
In fourteen hundred ninety-nine;
In truth it was a troubled work,
And ruddy were the seas as wine;
For dread Bajazet set afloat
Against our fleet three hundred sail;
And when he took a fishing boat,
Remorselessly his soldiers smote
Our helpless men, and poured their blood
Upon the Adriatic's flood.
His cruisers left a bloody trail —
... Our Admiral Grimani lay
In hesitating silence till,
While yet irresolute, one day

He heard our flock of galleys thrill
With lusty, manly singing,
With clamor loud and long;
And through his brain went ringing
This burden of the song:

*'Oh, where is Captain Loredan?
For he will show the way!
Give us our Captain Loredan
And he will tempt the fray!
Now listen to this hoary man
Who leans upon his oar;
He'll tell you how brave Loredan
Slew twenty Turks and more!'*

So through the ships the story ran
And o'er the seas the glory ran,
The story of —
The glory of
Victorious great Loredan.

Grimani felt his cheeks grow white,
But not with fear — it was with rage;
For he had sworn that in this fight
He'd blot proud Loredan's bright page.
'What is this Captain Loredan
But officer at my command?' —
He cried. 'I'll crush the daring man,
And lest he rush into the van
Of battle, newer fame to win,
I'll fold my galley's banners in,
And hug the comfortable land.'
So said he; and he paced the deck

With jealous envy at his side,
While grim Bajazet wrought his wreck
Among our shipping far and wide.
But still came breezes bringing
Our galley oarsmen's song;
O'er purple waters flinging
Its protest against wrong:

*'Oh, where is Captain Loredan?
He's here with us to-day!
Give us our Captain Loredan —
He will not bid us stay!
Now listen to this hoary man
Who leans upon his oar;
He'll tell you how staunch Loredan
Has swept the waves before.'*

So through the ships the story ran
And o'er the seas the glory ran,
The story of —
The glory of
Victorious great Loredan.

Nor day nor night Grimani stirred;
The Turkish fleet, grown bold, drew near
For action, but Grimani's sneer
Froze up their hearts; until one morn
Out from the glimmering splendor broke
A blood-red dawn — for battle born.
And haughtily, as if in scorn,
The crescent's pennant fluttered high
Upon a mighty craft close by,
Standing alone.

... Then with one stroke
Of springing oars, a galley sped
Out from our midst; a second came
To join her — and like lightning fled
Beyond Grimani's cry of 'Shame!
What are those oarsmen singing
Who my command disdain?'
Back came the answer, ringing
In strange ecstatic strain:

*'This is the Captain Loredan;
These be his galleys twain!
Lo! here is Captain Loredan,
Whom fools cannot restrain!
Now listen to this hoary man
Who toils upon his oar;
And win with Captain Loredan, —
Or Venice see no more!'*

So through the ships the story ran
And through all hearts the glory ran,
The story of —
The glory of
Victorious great Loredan!

The Turkish monster thrilled with life;
From her gigantic sides rained down
Huge missiles with destruction rife,
And many a fighter fell to drown
Between the galley's sides that shook
As if with frenzied laughter, when
The thunders of our cannon took
The yellow from the Turk's wild look,

And brought the ashes to his lips.
He could not fight these bellowing ships,
Nor war with these enchanted men
Who climbed along his galleon's rail;
Who swam, and sank, and sprang in space,
Still fighting; men who scorned to wail,
Though carved by swords; and who with grace
Kept up their rhythmic singing
With dying lips that bled,
Sang — to the galleys clinging
With fingers battle-red:

*'This is the Captain Loredan
And we are all his men!
How like you Captain Loredan,
Who fights you one to ten?
Now listen to this hoary man,
Who still is at his oar;
And fly from Captain Loredan,
Or Byzance see no more!'*

So through the ships the story ran
And o'er the seas the glory ran,
The story of —
The glory of
Victorious great Loredan!

Swift sailing from the roseate East
Came kindred ships the Turks to aid,
And now the struggle's rage increased,
Wild flames broke forth to make afraid
The Moslems on their conquered craft.
Just as the banner of Saint Mark

Was raised upon her, fore and aft,
Came a weird shudder, and abaft
The wretched Turks ran quakingly
To leap into the crimsoned sea.
Then came vast thunder.

It was dark.
The ship, our splendid galleys, all
Went skyward — rending friends and foes,
As fire burst through the wooden walls
To stores of powder.

Then arose —
Out of the chaos bringing
A harmony complete —
A sound of voices singing
This chorus strong and sweet:

*'To die with Captain Loredan
Is joy enough for men!
Who would not die for Loredan
No matter how or when?
Oh, listen to this hoary man
Who floats upon his oar;
He sings the death of Loredan
Who ne'er will lead us more!'*

To Venice so the story ran
And through the world the glory ran,
The story of —
The glory of
Victorious dead Loredan.

Edward King

SONG OF THE MEN OF TEACH

1718

The Townfolk talk of living — but we have sailed
the sea;

And out upon the Niderings who strut in lace
and state —

It's a sorry life I wot ye, in the town where wenches
got ye;

On the sea the storms allot ye the bludgeonings
of fate.

*And oh! the glory of it, a wrathful God above it
May trumpet doleful thunders at the crime of
being free;*

*A curse for churl and craven, a rot for home and
haven,*

*For we have got dominion on the Great Grey
Sea.*

The Poets sing of Loving — but we have sailed the
sea,

And no low-louting jobbernell can sing us what
is best.

Here's one to hurr and hale you, here's one that
will avail you,

And which will never fail you, foregathered at
her breast.

*Your wench may count her dozen — but here's a
dame to cozen!*

*No weak and puling little minx, no simperer is
she.*

*Out with your powdered faces, here's one for Man's
embraces,
The mightiest of mistresses, the Great Grey
Sea!*

The Preachers prate of Godcraft — but we have
sailed the sea;
A rot upon such canters — here's the good sea
running wide.
'Fore God's wrath let them falter, and drone their
mournful psalter,
Though we may greet the halter — we lived be-
fore we died.

*So let our hearts beat faster, there's none that we
call Master;
Nor cringe or crawl in humble wise, nor bow on
bended knee;
Salute nor God nor Demon — but knotty-hearted
seamen,
We burn our red path Deathwards on the Great
Grey Sea.*

This is the End of Living — to sail upon the sea,
With head and breast uncovered to catch the
stinging spray.
A thirst, in blood we'll slake it; a galleon, we'll
take it;
A colony, we'll break it — and then to sail away.

*So sail we on together, no tie our hearts can tether,
And knave or coystrel, gentleman, whatever
we may be, —*

*We've slain the Spanish bastard, we've fought and
cut and mastered,
The world may be our headstone in the Great
Grey Sea.*

Eugene Richard White

LAND-FETTERED

I love to sit where there are ships
And the swift current seaward slips,
To sit and dream of shining sails,
Of sailors standing at the rails,
While from the prow the water drips
And softly seething foambells break
Along the run to join the wake
Where joyfully the dolphin trails.
To feel a breeze that never fails
My errant, eager soul to take
Beyond the far, mysterious rim
Where sky and water blend and dim.
'Tis there the pleasant islands lie
And perfumed winds are born, to die
At sunset. Where some wizard whim
Has flung wild peaks against the sky
In a fantastic revelry,
Above high ranks of waving palm
And jungled forest-breathing balm
Where birds like broken rainbows fly.

Land-fettered though my body be,
Such things can set my spirit free,
Such things can leaven all my days
And tune my soul to elfin lays
And faery lands beyond the sea.

J. Allan Dunn

GOOD-BYE TO YOU, OLD TOWN

The dry death-rattle of the streets
Asserts a joyless goal —
Re-echoed clang where traffic meets,
And drab monotony repeats
The hour-encumbered rôle.

Tinsel and glare: twin tawdry shams
Outshine the evening star
Where puppet-show and printed lie,
Victim and trapper and trap, deny
Old truths that always are.

So fare ye, fare ye well, old roofs!
The syren warns the shore,
The flowing tide sings overside
Of far-off beaches where abide
The joys ye know no more!

The salt sea spray shall kiss our lips —
Kiss clean from the fumes that were —
And gulls shall herald waking days
With news of far-seen water ways
All warm, and passing fair.

They've cast the shore-lines loose at last
And coiled the wet hemp down —
Cut picket-ropes of Kedar's tents,
Of time-clock task and square-foot rents!
Good luck to you, old town!

Oh, Africa is calling back
Alluringly and low —

And few there be who hear the voice,
But they obey — Lot's wife the choice,
And we must surely go!

So fare ye, fare ye well, old roofs!
The stars and clouds and trees
In place of you! The heaped thorn-fire —
Delight for the town's two-edged desire —
For thrice-breathed breath the breeze!

For rumble of wheels, the lion's roar,
Glad green for trodden brown,
For potted plant and measured lawn
The view of the velvet veld at dawn —
Good-bye to you, old town!

Talbot Mundy

INLAND

He used to talk of ships, and I remember —
Oh, I remember . . .

Tall spars clustered in a drowsy, evening bay,
Clean winds calling, at white noon to-day;
Salt on the taffrail, foam at the bow,
And a singing at the windlass . . . how it all
comes back now!

(Though I never saw the sea.)

I sweep the rooms, half dreaming
Of tides . . .

Slow-breathing, languid giants sucking at the
sands,
Surging to the harbors of brilliant tropic lands;

An old black brig headed for the sunset's gold
Bringing back the red dawn stuffed in her hold.
(His words!)

The six-year maple on his grave is sturdy,
Yet . . . yet . . .

Night, all drenched with stars, and still we're
outward bound.

Oh, the creaking of the canvas is an eerie sort of
sound,

And I hear the tramping watch as I lie warm-
bunked below,

Where the yellow slush lamp swings to and fro,
to and fro.

(Like that, his talk.)

I scour the kettles and hang up the wash,
But these pictures won't go out of my head:

Full, white sails on a level twilight sea,

A tired bark trailing to some port of mystery.

Green waves a-glitter, . . . ships, ships, ships,

And a laughing sailor man with red, remembered
lips.

(God! How I'm still missing him!)

Joan Dareth Prosper

THE UNSEEN

‘THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA’

Within the Book I, reading, found
A saying that was hard to me —
Words that had something in their sound
That spoilt Eternity.

I knew a sense of loss, a part
Of some dear vision gone from me,
As all its meaning smote my heart:
There shall be no more Sea!

Had not my spirit ranged amid
The Kingdoms of Futurity,
Finding in dreams the glories hid
From blind humanity?

And as I read the words that bore
Such sad significance to me,
I grieved that I should find no more
A magic shore and sea,

No ocean sighing in its sleep,
No waves to chant the litany
Of deep replying unto deep,
In mystic threnody.

Only a barren landscape fraught
With changeless silence; no delight
Of green and purple splendors, naught
Of wandering waters bright.

I close the Book and lay it down,
And dream a dream that there may be

For those who serve the God Unknown,
Perchance, an unknown sea.

Anonymous

THE ADVENTURERS

We are the adventurers who come
Before the merchants and the priests;
Our only legacy from home —
A wisdom older than the East's.

Soldiers of Fortune, we unfurl
The banners of a forlorn hope,
Leaving the city smoke to curl
O'er dingy roofs where puppets mope.

We are the Ishmaelites of earth
Who, at the crossroads, beat the drum;
None guess our lineage nor our birth,
The flag we serve nor whence we come.

We claim a Sire that no man knows:
The Emperor of Nights and Days,
Who saith to Cæsar — 'Go,' he goes,
To Alexander — 'Stay,' he stays.

Out of a greater town than Tyre,
We march to conquer and control
The golden hill-lands of Desire,
The Nicaraguas of the soul.

We have cast in our lot with Truth,
We will not flinch nor stay the hand,

Till on the last sky-line of Youth
We look down on his fair, new land.

We put from port without a fear,
For freedom on this Spanish Main;
And the great wind that bore us here
Will drive our galleys home again.

If not, we can lie down and die,
Content to perish with our peers,
So one more rood we gained thereby
For Love's Dominion through the years.

Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey

THE CLOSED ROOM

I am at the door of the Closed Room,
I stand without, whispering and chatting to myself
in many fantastic attitudes,
Like gnomes that skulk in castle-moats.
There are finger-marks on the door-knob —
Many, many have gone in, no one ever came out.
Through chinks I hear vague rumors, or is it the
echo of the blood in my arteries?
And my eyes have spied, as I think, a light falling
through cracks in the wall,
Or is it only the reflection of brain-sparks on the
polished wood?
I finger the old worn knob, but am not yet admitted.

Benjamin De Casseres

INTO THE BATTALIONS OF DEATH

Into the Battalions of Death, as children wondering,
We watched our grandsires and our grand-dames
go,

Dim-visioned, gray, with laggard footsteps slow.
(We, far behind the battle-lines, vaguely pondering,
Asked what Death was.) They vanished, they were
dead,

Nor ever would return — gone, so folk said,
Into the Battalions of Death.

Into the Battalions of Death, as years out-length-
ened,

We saw our fathers and our mothers pass,
Gray, dim of sight, with feeble foot — alas!
(We, closer to the lines, felt wonder strengthened;
Asked what Death meant.) They vanished and
were gone.

Old friends were vanished, too, swept ever on
Into the Battalions of Death.

Into the Battalions of Death, as age advances,
Death now is drafting us, of faded eyes,
Of whitened heads, of footsteps lagging, slowing.
(In front-trench lines we wait, with sad surmise
Of Death's Battalions pale with ghostly lances.)
Courage! Close ranks! Hark now Death's bugles
blowing?

*Forward, the charge sounds! Up! We too are going
Into the Battalions of Death!*

George Allan England

WIND SONG

One day upon the wings of air
My soul shall get him forth;
And nothing know I whence or where,
To East, or South, or North.
And little care I through what ways
This little soul of mine shall ride;
Or if the call be soon or late —
At morn or eventide.

But I would go when strong winds blow
Full-throated down the heaven,
And on the blast, like pennants cast,
The wild, black hawks are driven.
O kith and kin are they to me,
Wild-winged my soul shall pass
With them as their own shadows drive
Across the wind-swept grass.

Free winds that wander up and down
The weary hills of earth,
What call like yours can sorrow drown,
Or touch her seas to mirth!
Strong winds that were tempestuous souls,
O brothers, turn and wait —
Take up my longing on your wings
Till I shall master fate.

Take up my longing on your wings,
O brothers, as you go;
The dauntless soul within me sings
That mighty hymn ye know.

Kindred are we, though but for ye
The boundless ways were made —
Yet I would go my lesser road
As strong and unafraid.

Sharlot M. Hall

AN OLD ROAD

Once in an old forgotten day
This by-track was a trodden way,
But now, so few the steps that pass,
The ruts are carpeted with grass.

The careless brambles trail across,
The gravel has its garb of moss,
And oft the dawn and dusk go by
Unnoted of a human eye.

But when the languid day is past
The slumbrous road awakes at last,
And many feet resume their way
That long have mouldered into clay.

There is no sound of stealthy tread
Along this pathway of the dead —
No rustle of the feet that pass
Deadened by something else than grass.

Grey men who toiled and wrought of yore,
Lone, weary women burden'd sore,
And little children prattling low —
I catch their chatter as they go.

And here the lover and his maid,
Long since in dismal kirk-yard laid;
And mother with her suckling pressed
Against the comfort of her breast.

They all had passed, their traffic done,
Long centuries ere I saw the sun.
I stand and watch them wonderingly,
Half thinking that they beckon me.

Anonymous

SURCEASE

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come;
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

Gerard, Padre Hopkins

EARTH'S DEAR VANITIES

When all love's words of passion, spent in vain,
Have faltered on thy lips bent low to kiss,
And on the window sobs the fitful rain —

When in strange shadows of the last abyss
Desires and dreams put off their bravery,
And other worlds are dimmed for love of this —

When, having done with joy and hope and thee
And faces bright with gentle friendliness,
I venture that profound, uncharted sea

Whose murmurs, swelling near and comfortless,
Echo and drift 'round these frail summer flowers,
Whose ships are tossed in an eternal stress —

What will avail the shining hills and towers
Of some vague land across that sullen main
If, through the splendor of its loveless hours,
I long for earth's dear vanities again?

Anonymous

LIGHT OF MORNING

Tell them when I'm gone, then

Say: 'He was glad to go.'

Say: 'He heard a ringing voice, a great wind blow.'

Say: 'He'd always wandered through a sort of
haze.'

Say: 'His life had puzzled him through all his days.'

Say: 'He knew that this would bring an end to
wonder;

Flames of light, and songs awing,

And doubting trampled under.'

Tell them: 'Death is but a birth,

A burst of flowers,

Fairer than the blooms of earth —

It's beauty our's.'

Bill Adams

DEATH

The stately silence, the perpetual peace
Of death's inscrutable, divine event
Lay on his body like a sacrament,
In calm assurance of the soul's release.
Gone forth on the great ways that never cease
With all the Mighty and Magnificent
Whose souls, like his, were strangers to content.
We knew he voyaged for Truth's Golden Fleece —
And we, who, day by day and hand in hand,
Had fared with him in close community
Of high endeavor to the treacherous sand
Edging life's continent, we turned our eyes
Seaward, and there, far forth, we seemed to see
Full-sailed and outward bound, his Argosies!

George Cabot Lodge

GROWING OLD

We'll fill a Provence bowl and pledge us deep
The memory of the far ones; and between
The soothing pipes, in heavy-lidded sleep,
Perhaps we'll dream the things that once have
been.

'Tis only noon and still too soon to die,
Yet — we are growing old, my heart and I.

An hundred books are ready in my head
To open out where Beauty bent a leaf.
What do we want with beauty? We are wed
Like ancient Proserpine to dismal grief.

And we are changing with the hours that fly,
And growing odd and old, my heart and I.

Across a bed of bells the river flows,
And roses dawn, but not for us; we want
The new thing ever as the old thing grows
Spectral and weary on the hills we haunt.
And that is why we feast, and that is why
We're growing odd and old, my heart and I.

Francis Ledwidge

THE FLYING YEARS

Not twice can any stand by the same stream,
Not twice possess the years that hasten on.
Something there was we look'd on, lov'd; — 'tis
gone!

Or stays but as the shadow of a dream.

Hands that we touch'd clasp ours no more, and
eyes

That shone for us as stars withdraw their light;
Voices belov'd pass out into the Night —
The gifts of Yesterday, To-day denies.

Yet must we hold it for the deeper truth,
Nothing which is, but only that which *seems*
Shall find its dwelling in the place of dreams —
The Soul's possession is eternal Youth.

Swift flows the stream; but in it as it flows
The same unchanging Stars are mirror'd bright.

Swift fly the years but heedless of their flight,
The touch of Time nor Love nor Friendship knows.

Anonymous

THE LEAVES OF LIFE

'The leaves of life are falling one by one' —

The woods once thick and green are brown and
sere;

And youth with all her bounteous hours is done,
And age is here.

'The leaves of life are falling one by one' —

And one by one the heavy hours fall past,
And the glad hours we prayed might ne'er be gone,
Are gone at last.

'The leaves of life are falling one by one' —

Old dreams, old friends, we watch them fall
away;
And all our music takes a minor tone,
Our skies grown gray.

'The leaves of life are falling one by one' —

Best, worst, loved, hated, happy days and sad,
Each the inevitable course has run
The present had.

'The leaves of life are falling one by one' —

Till, after all the gladness and the strife,
We see the redness of the setting sun
Light up our life.

And good seems not so good — ill not so ill;
And things look other than they used to seem;
Ourselves more vague, questions of fate and will
Less like a dream.

And then why leaves should fall we think we know,
Because the Autumn comes before the Spring,
The Eternal Spring, when flowers will always blow,
Birds always sing.

E. Nesbit

I WILL NOT HASTEN

I will not hasten my feet
Upon the road.
I will not run a breathless way
Seeking an end.
I will not pluck the fruit
On the high bough,
Nor cup the water in too eager hands,
For thirst and hunger.

If I do so, what shall it profit me?
Shall I not be
As one come early to his Winter time,
Fallen too soon on sleep?

The gathered corn leaves but a husk behind;
And when my hands are filled
With jeweled things,
I cannot reach for stars.

I tell you, too,
The bird upon the bush,
And the bird's song,
Will drown in silence
If I cage it in.

All the small chattels of the little day
Confront me in my time.
I cannot stay
Among their trinketings.
I will not have a soul grown fat with food.
I will go light,
A meagre scrip within my purse.
I like the taste of hunger and desire.
A draught of thirst and longing
Is my cup.
Leave me the dream!
I would not seek the hour of its fulfillment.
Dreaming is enough, and sweet enough for
me.
And from its wings
No shadow ever falls
On broken things.

Barbara Young

WHEN I HAVE GONE WEIRD WAYS

When I have finished with this episode,
Left the hard, up-hill road,
And gone weird ways to seek another load,
O Friend, regret me not, nor weep for me —
Child of Infinity!

Nor dig a grave, nor rear for me a tomb,
To say with lying writ: 'Here in the gloom
He who loved bigness takes a narrow room,
Content to pillow here his weary head —
For he is dead.'

But give my body to the funeral pyre,
And bid the laughing fire,
Eager and strong and swift as my desire,
Scatter my subtle essence into Space —
Free me of Time and Place.

Sweep up the bitter ashes from the hearth!
Fling back the dust I borrowed from the Earth
Unto the chemic broil of Death and Birth —
The vast Alembic of the cryptic Scheme,
Warm with the Master-Dream!
And thus, O little House that sheltered me,
Dissolve again in wind and rain, to be
Part of the cosmic, weird Economy:
And oh, how oft with new life shalt thou lift
Out of the atom-drift!

John G. Neihardt

THE GOLDEN SHOES

The winds are lashing on the sea,
The roads are blind with storm.
And it's far and far away with me;
So bide you there, stay warm.
It's forth I must, and forth to-day;
And I have no path to choose;
The highway hill, it is my way still. —
Give me my golden shoes.

God gave them me on that first day
I knew that I was young.
And I looked far forth, from west to north;
And I heard the Songs unsung.

This cloak is worn too threadbare thin,
But, ah, how weatherwise!
This girdle serves to bind it in;
What heed of wondering eyes? —
And yet beside, I wear one pride
— Too bright, think you, to use? —
That I must wear, and still keep fair. —
Give here my golden shoes.

God gave them me, on that first day
I heard the Stars all chime.
And I looked forth far, from road to star;
And I knew it was far to climb.

They would buy me house and hearth, no doubt,
And the mirth to spend and share;
Could I sell that gift, and go without,
Or wear — what neighbors wear.
But take my staff, my purse, my srip;
For I have one thing to choose.
For you, — Godspeed! May you soothe your
need.
For me, my golden shoes!

He gave them me, that far, first day
When I heard all Songs unsung.
And I looked far forth, from west to north.
God saw that I was young!

Josephine Preston Peabody

OPPORTUNITY

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's
 banner

Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by
 foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, 'Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears, — but
 this

Blunt thing!' he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering, crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Edward Rowland Sill

THE HOUSE OF CÆSAR

Yea — we have thought of royal robes and red.
Had purple dreams of words we utterèd;
Have lived once more the moment in the brain
That stirred the multitude to shout again.
All done, all fled, and now we faint and tire —
The Feast is over and the lamps expire!

Yea — we have launched a ship on sapphire seas,
And felt the steed between the gripping knees;
Have breathed the evening when the huntsman
brought

The stiffening trophy of the fevered sport —
Have crouched by rivers in the grassy meads
To watch for fish that dart amongst the weeds.
All well, all good — so hale from sun and mire —
The Feast is over and the lamps expire!

Yet — we have thought of Love as men may think,
Who drain a cup because they needs must drink;
Have brought a jewel from beyond the seas
To star a crown of blue anemones.
All fled, all done — a Cæsar's brief desire —
The Feast is over and the lamps expire!

Yea — and what is there that we have not done,
The Gods provided us 'twixt sun and sun?
Have we not watched an hundred legions thinned,
And crushed and conquered, succorèd and sinned?
Lo — we who moved the lofty gods to ire —
The Feast is over and the lamps expire!

Yea — and what voice shall reach us and shall give
Our earthly self a moment more to live?
What arm shall fold us and shall come between
Our failing body and the grasses green?
And the last heart that beats beneath this head —
Shall it be heard or unrememberèd?
All dim, all pale — so lift me on the pyre —
The Feast is over and the lamps expire!

Viola Garvin

THE SOUL'S GOOD-BYE

My soul went out before the dawn, when stars were
 in the sky,
The river rushed along its course, the night-wind
 hurried by,
And bore upon its April breath the stag-hound's
 moaning cry.

I felt so free, so free — as from a burden loosed
 away, —
Alone, without, I heard what wind and river had to
 say, —
One should be dead to understand such orators
 as they.

I came along the garden paths, so dark and damp
 with dew,
I thought of all within the house, but most of all
 of you,
Still wrapped in earthly veils that I had thinned
 and broken through.

I stopped beneath your window, in the turret of the
 Hall, —
And whispered low the little name I loved the best
 of all,
The little name, the childish name, they gave when
 you were small!

And did you know that, passing out, it was to you I
 came?

And did you hear, and did you hear that whispered
little name?

For, sudden, through the lattice-blind, I saw a
candle flame . . .

The wind rushed past your lattice, and the ivy
tapped again —

The sweetness of our friendship welled within my
soul, and then

I turned towards the starry road that is not known
of men.

John M. Waring

OLD AGE AND DEATH

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time
has made;

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Edmund Waller

A MOMENT

So much thin grieving over the gray dust
We sometime shall be, sifting through the years
With cardinals and thieves, so many fears,
Sighs for spent fragrance, strong swords gone to
rust,
And one still fate for righteous and unjust.

Six feet of earth for journeymen and seers,
A wan hope flickering of higher spheres
For souls the grisly bodies held in trust.
Why should we groan for rust and withered grass?
Here is where color lives, and keen, sweet breath,
Green foaming seas, and winds that shouting pass,
Life that springs endless from each moment's
death.

We cannot seize it all. Why should we waste
One hour imagining how death will taste?

Helen Ives Gilchrist

TWENTY STARS

Twenty stars to match his face,
All the winds to blow his breath —
In the dark no eye can trace
Life or Death.

The word came — and out he went,
Heard the unseen flutterings
Of wings that shared the dream he sent —
The song he sings.

Twenty stars to match his face,
The sea-foam his permanence —
There is no wind can mark his place,
Here or hence.

William Stanley Braithwaite

THE UNSEEN TRAIL

God-speed, and naught to stay me!
The word has come today
That Life shall not delay me
From faring on my way.

I may not wait for blessing;
I may not halt for fear,
Nor any last caressing,
For I must straight from here.

Though where I go I know not,
Nor any knew who passed;
But none may say, 'I go not!'
When that Word comes at last.

Why does it set me thrilling?
So glad, so glad am I,
Who thought men cower'd, unwilling,
When they were called to die!

Mary Stewart Cutting

THE DESCENT

Soon, all too soon, we shall look back on Youth,
Who now possessing it are yet so gay,
And we shall learn that this, indeed, is truth —
Which we half doubt — that life does pass away!

Soon, all too soon, the grasses' purple tips . . .
A thrush's song . . . the breathless glint of wings . . .
The promise of delight on maiden lips . . .
And all the multitude of little things —
Those little things which now are ecstasy —
A sigh . . . the hush of wind . . . a falling star . . .
A butterfly . . . a dream . . . a mystery . . .
Will never stir, as now, what then we are.
Soon, all too soon, from the high, sunlit spaces
We shall go down to quiet, safer places.

Mary Dixon Thayer

LIGHT THE OLD PIPE

Light the old pipe! The winter day is closing,
And frosty night will soon enwrap the town;
A little while, and men will be reposing
Beneath the stars that look so coldly down.
But I shall meditate, 'twixt dream and dozing,
On thoughts no tide of time can ever drown.

Light the old pipe! With strains of music blended,
Rise mystic sounds that mingle with my dream,
And tell of one more fleeting season ended
In song and revel where the windows gleam;
Of peace and joy that long ago descended
From one bright star's remote and radiant beam.

Light the old pipe! The season's harmless folly
Recalls the mirth and love of other days;
And hearts elate beneath the Christmas holly
Rekindle thoughts of long departed ways,

And soothe awhile the spirit's melancholy
That passing years and vanished loves will raise.

Light the old pipe! Perhaps a leaf igniting
Within the bowl may cause a thought to glow,
As yet elusive, that will mean the righting
Of error long perceived and needless woe;
Dispelling all my care, and strangely lighting
The darkness that my soul has come to know.

Rheinhard Kleiner

ETERNAL YOUTH

The charge is loosed; the iron shrieks above it,
On the red board a thousand lives are flung.
Men fall on sleep, and win the prize we covet —
Eternal youth — to live forever young.

To sit at home and feel their powers waning,
Grow old, and lax of hand, and filmy-eyed —
Such slothful death their ardent souls disdaining,
They hurled the gauntlet down to Fate — and
died.

These to battle have gone up and perished.
But we who sit at home and miss the prize,
Win lesser things their souls had never cherished;
Would we, ourselves, have ruled it otherwise?

Nay, brothers, ye have dared, and won the guer-
don —

It is the *loss of you* within us stirs.
Ye bore the heat of battle and the burden.
Death keep you ever young, Adventurers!

A. Judson Hanna

TRANSMIGRATION

They shall go out at twilight, far from the tumult
and shaking;

Wearing white shoes of peace, they shall weep
no more;

The moon shall toss them laughter — theirs shall
be joy for the taking,

Through cedared halls of silence they shall open
the door.

No longer shall hot lips parch with a thirst un-
slaking,

They shall drink at the breast of the earth, as
they drank before.

For them the blossom of sleep shall never uncloseto
an ending,

They shall know the clean friendship of trees,
and the whispering grass.

The roses that tremble with wine when the banquet
of dawn is impending,

Shall be theirs as a raiment to wear while the
seasons pass.

No more shall life's minutes of sorrow be close on
their footsteps attending,

They shall mix with the reveling winds on the
heights where the thunders mass.

For their nights shall be carpets of star-dust, spun
out from a loom ever spinning,

Their days shall be golden as pollen the daffodil
hides in her mold;

Every prize that was lost to them living shall be
theirs for the work of the winning,

They shall swim in the heart of the sun, where
the rivers of light unfold.
Their Summers of joy shall not end, nor their
Winters of night have beginning,
And tasting the fruit of creation, they shall
never grow old.
Swept out on the waters eternal, where midnights
are merry with flowers,
They shall ride on the shoulders of rain-drops,
and dance with the sun;
Theirs shall be belts of dew-diamonds, filched from
the Summer's green hours,
Never for them shall be darkness, nor day-birth,
nor love that is done.
For Death in his kingdom shall make them the
keepers of keys to his towers,
Where visions of peace and of joy kiss every one.
J. Corson Miller

THE OLD ADVENTURER

They say that he is old and tired
And seeks his little peace at last;
They know not that his present holds
The dreams of all his golden past.

They know not that his youth comes back
With greater magic, light and power,
And nestles quietly within
Each hoary, dreamy, thought-filled hour.

They say they find his eyes are dim,
And now and then his head a-nod;

But O! they know not that it is
Because he once had looked on God.

Oscar C. Williams

‘A LINNET WHO HAD LOST HER WAY’

A linnet who had lost her way
Sang on a blackened bough in hell,
Till all the ghosts remembered well
The trees, the wind, the golden day.

At last they knew that they had died
When they heard music in that land,
And some one there stole forth a han
To draw a brother to his side.

James Elroy Flecker

‘NOW FINALE TO THE SHORE’

Now finale to the shore!

Now, land and life, finale and farewell!

Now, Voyager, depart! Much, much for thee is
yet in store.

Often enough hast thou adventured o’er the seas,
Cautiously cruising, studying the charts,
Duly again to port and hawser’s tie returning.
— But now obey thy cherished, secret wish:
Embrace thy friends — leave all in order;
To port and hawser’s tie, no more returning,
Depart upon thy endless cruise, old Sailor.

. . .

The untold want, by life and land ne’er granted,
Now, Voyager, sail thou forth, to seek and find.

Walt Whitman

IN LIGHTER VEIN

HAKLUYT UNPURCHASED

Man is a fool and a bag of wind!
Or was it madness that stopped my buying
The old brown Hakluyt I chanced to find
At twelve and sixpence, dustily lying

With shilling shockers? An if 'twere here
I'd kick off shoes and pull on slippers
And settle back to my briar and beer
For a windy voyage with Hakluyt's skippers.

Up the blue sea and down the sky
To Java Head or warm Cipango,
With albatrosses floating by
And a wind that whistles of spice and mango.

Into the ice with Frobisher's men,
Or south with Raleigh to seek Guiana,
In the '*Jesus of Lubeck*' with Hawkins then
To plunder the dons of smug Habana,

And east . . . But my ale is dregs and lees,
My pipe won't draw, and I, besotted,
The sport of devils — I failed to seize
On the rich old tome till another got it.

And so, instead of an offshore gale
And a tropical sea and a lion skipper,
I sit and blow at my mug of ale
And stare at a toe through a toeless slipper.

Franklin McDuffee

TO A VOYAGER

So you're off to storied China and to Java and
Bombay —

And the grin upon your face is high and broad;
Oh, you poor deluded mortal with your dreams of
far away,

Where you 'hear the paddles chunkin' from Ran-
goon to Mandalay,' —

Do you think that I am envious and awed?

Do you fancy I'm made restless by your visions of
the East

And your talk of sailing far across the foam?

Do you look on me as jealous or affected, in the
least,

That you're squandering your money, while my
savings are increased

As I labor on efficiently at home?

Do you figure for a moment that the trouble and
the fret

Which a traveler of today must undergo —

All the passports and the papers and the visés you
must get,

And the bureaucratic satraps and officials to be met

And the bothers and delays that you must know?

Do you think I'd care to face them, do you somehow
fancy me

Bearing all such tribulations with delight?

Do you dream I'd like to follow, that I'd give my
soul to be

On a list of idle wasters who are putting out to sea?
Do you think so? — well, you certainly are right!

Berton Braley

THE MINER

I've panned from Peru to Point Barrow,
But I never located a claim
Till I'd fully persuaded my conscience
That pay-dirt pervaded the same.
And this is the source of my sorrow,
As you will be forced to agree
When you learn how relentless Misfortune
Has dumped all her tailings on me:

I had worked with my partner all summer,
Cross-cutting a cussed cold creek,
Which we never once thought of locating
Unless we located the streak.
And when at the close of the season
We discovered the creek was a fake,
We also discovered the region
Had nothing left in it to stake.

A hundred long leagues to the northward,
O'er the untrodden, sun-burnished snow,
We struggled half-blind and half-famished
To the sea where the staunch whalers go.
We found there broad beaches of ruby,
And mountains with placers and leads,
But all save the sky was pre-empted
By salt-water sailors and Swedes.

Then we climbed the cold creeks near a mission
That was run by the agents of God,
Who trade bibles and prayer books to heathen
For ivory, sealskins and cod.
At last we were sure we had struck it,
But alas! for our hope of reward —
The landscape from sea-beach to sky-line
Was staked in the name of the Lord!

We're too slow for the new breed of miners,
Embracing all classes of men,
Who locate by power of attorney
And prospect their claims with a pen —
Who do all of their fine work through agents,
And loaf around town with the sports,
On intimate terms with the lawyers,
On similar terms with the courts.

Anonymous

THE COLONIAL LEVEL

The ship was outward bound, when we drank a
health around
(’Twas the year fifty-three, or thereabout),
We were all for Melbourne, Ho! where, like peas,
the nuggets grow,
And my heart, though young and green, was also
stout.

I was two-and-twenty then and, like many other
men
Among that gallant company afloat,

I had played in the eleven, and pulled five or six or
seven

In the 'Varsity or else the College boat.

We were rusticated, plucked, in disgrace and debt
and chucked.

Out of patience were our friends — and unkind.
But all of us agreed that a gentleman in need,
His fortune o'er the seas would surely find.

So we liquored up and laughed, day by day aboard
that craft,

Till we parted at the port and went ashore;
And since, of that brave crew, I have come across
a few,
And we liquor and we talk but laugh no more.

For if damper and cold tea the choicest blessings be,
We are certainly above our merits bless'd;
And a gentleman in need, it is readily agreed,
May very well dispense with all the rest.

But as each man tells his tale 'tis monotonous and
stale,

As if adventure's game was quite played out;
And every honest chum to the same hard pan must
come,
And no more luck was travelling about.

'Tis how one in far Fiji, went beach-combing by the
sea;

One in Papua pioneered and died;

One took coppers on a car or mixed nobblers at a
bar

Or in country stores forgot Old Country pride.

And how one lucky swain thought he'd just go home
again,

And was welcomed with 'cold shoulder' by his
friends;

And how one dug for gold and, as usual, he was
'sold,'

And how one peddled pins and odds and ends.

And how in coral isles one courted Fortune's
smiles,

And how one in a shanty kept a school;

North and south, and east and west, how we tried
our level best,

And did no good at all, as a rule.

And how some took to drink and some to printer's
ink,

And shepherded or cattle-drove a while;

But never that I know — and so far as stories go —

Did one amongst us all make his pile.

Well: 'tis better here than there, since rags must
be our wear;

In the bush we are equal — every man,

And we're all of us agreed that a gentleman in
need

Must earn his daily damper — as he can.

Anonymous

A LONESOME COW-PUNCHER

They've took me from my short-grass ranch,
They've got me into town;
They've stripped me of my chaps an' spurs,
I've sold the roan an' brown;
I've turned my back on that old range,
All strewn with shinin' bones,
They've got me with a neck-tie on,
A-walkin' cobblestones.

They've stilled the howlin' of the wolf,
Down 'round the calf corral;
They've took away my .44 —
For years my closest pal;
They've pulled the boots from off my feet —
I'm wearin' shoes instead;
They've ditched my old dun hat an' put
A derby on my head.

Now I ain't ridin' broncs no more,
I'm ridin' subway cars;
I'm sleepin' in a stuffy room,
Not out beneath the stars;
They've took me from my short-grass ranch,
They's 'future' here, they say;
Perhaps they is, but I'll just bet
I disappear some day.

Anonymous

CALLAO

She's running up for Callao in the blue Pacific
weather,
She's running free for Callao on a clean and even
keel,
With the ripples chuckling 'round her run and a
dainty little feather
Of foam beneath her figure-head and a ribbon at her
heel.

So Tina, snap your castanets —

Tina, Tina —

And Tina, tune your old guitar and sing your
gayest ditty.

For a clipper's bound for Callao, Callao, Callao,

With a reefer boy that loves you so —

Tina, my pretty.

She's rippling on for Callao to a croon of sapphire
water,

She's bowling on for Callao with kites and stunsails spread,

With a wail of sea-birds in her trucks and a porpoise
to escort her,

The Cordillera's snows a-shine like pearly clouds
ahead.

So, Tina, pick your reddest rose,

Tina, Tina —

And, Tina, wear your brightest shawl to catch a
sailor's money.

For a clipper's bound for Callao, Callao, Callao,
With a reefer boy who loves you so —
Tina, my honey.

Crosbie Garstin

PIRATE TREASURE

A lady loved a swaggering rover;
The seven salt seas he voyaged over,
Bragged of a hoard none could discover —
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

She bloomed in a mansion dull and stately,
And as to Meeting she walked sedately,
From the tail of her eye she liked him greatly —
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Rings in his ears and a red sash wore he,
He sang her a song and he told her a story;
'I'll make ye Queen of the Ocean!' swore he —
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

She crept from bed by her sleeping sister;
By the old gray mill he met and kissed her.
Blue day dawned before they missed her —
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

And while they prayed her out of Meeting,
Her wild little heart with bliss was beating,
As seaward went the lugger fleeting —
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Choose in haste and repent at leisure;
A buccaneer life is not all pleasure,
He set her ashore with a little treasure —
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Off he sailed where waves were dashing,
Knives were gleaming, cutlasses clashing,
And a ship on jagged rocks went crashing —
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Over his bones the tides are sweeping;
The only trace of the rover sleeping
Is what he left in the lady's keeping —
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Two hundred years is his name unspoken,
The secret of his hoard unbroken;
But a black-browed race wears the pirate's token —
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Sea-blue eyes that gleam and glisten,
Lips that sing — and you like to listen —
A swaggering song; it might be this one:
'Hey! Jolly Roger, O.'

Abbie Farwell Brown

PANAMA! MY PANAMA!

On the dumps of the Canal Zone, in the wilderness
of sand,
Where pelicans and lizards abound on every
hand,

We are camped in weary exile — doomed to vegetate and rot,
The outside world forgotten and by the world forgot.

It seems a weary, dreary age since we sought this godless land,
A thousand miles of ocean and fifty more of sand.
Every hardened, sun-baked trooper the story sure will tell,
How he rode the old Kilpatrick and landed square in hell.

Panama! O Panama! — where they sell us 'Pabst' and 'Schlitz,'
The sight of your old sand dumps make us throw a thousand fits —
God should have worked the seventh day and put it in right here,
Or did He leave it in this shape to help the sale of beer?

Around us desolation lies, the throat is parched and dry,
While a blood-red sun glows daily from out a smoky sky.
Mosquitoes, flies and coral-snakes help weave a charming spell;
If we had a ton of brimstone we could start a first-class hell.

The flies are armed with corkscrews, the mosquitoes all wear spurs,
The rocks are full of copperheads, the sand is full of burrs,

The hills are full of rattlesnakes, the air is full of
fleas,

While the damned incinerator lends its fragrance
to the breeze.

You may talk about the hardships of the Israelites
of old,

It is true they did some penance when they made
their calf of gold,

But they stood it only forty years with trials in
various ways,

Had they been right here in France Field, they'd
have died in forty days.

We have looked through Noah Webster to locate a
fitting name,

We have scanned a book of synonyms but it
seems a losing game,

No adjectives e'er written can portray its thousand
ills,

It is the tail-end of the universe and it's hell
between the hills.

Oh! for a gift of language to describe this awful
place,

We have cursed it and we've damned it till we're
all blue in the face,

In French and Spanish languages and all the
tongues unknown,

Why, after a hitch in Cristobal we'd call Hell
'Home, sweet Home.'

Anonymous

ECHOES FROM CAMP UPTON

I've dug a million trenches and I've cleared ten
miles of ground,
And meaner jobs than I've performed — my boy,
they can't be found.
I've washed a million mess kits and I've peeled a
million spuds,
I've rolled a million blankets and I've washed a
million duds,
And the number of parades I've made, I ain't a-
going to tell,
But I'll do my bit in heaven as I've done my hitch
in hell.
When the final taps are sounded and I lay aside my
cares,
To my last parade a-climbing, I'll go up the golden
stairs —
When the angels greet my 'Howdy' and the harps
begin to play,
I'll draw a million canteen checks to pass the time
away.

Irving Brenner

SHANAHAN'S OULD SHEBEEN

This is the tale that Cassidy told
In his halls a-sheen with purple and gold,
— Told as he sprawled in an easy chair,
Chewing cigars at a dollar a pair;
— Told with a sigh and perchance a tear,
As the rough soul showed through the cracked
veneer;

— Told as he gazed on the walls near by,
Where a Greuze and a Millet were hung on high,
With a rude little print in a frame between —
A picture of Shanahan's ould shebeen:

'I'm dhrinkin' me mornin's mornin' — but it
doesn't taste th' same,
Though th' glass is av finest crystal, an' th' liquor
shlips down like crame;
An' me cockney footman brings it in on a sort av a
silver plate —
Sherry an' bitters it is; whishkey is out o' date.
In me bran' new brownstone manshin' — Fift'
Avnoo over th' way,
Th' Cathaydral round th' corner an' th' Lord Arch-
bishop to tay,
Shure I ought t' be shtiff wid grandeur, but me
tastes are mighty mean,
An' I'd rather a mornin's mornin' in Shanahan's
ould shebeen.

'Oh! well do I mind th' shanty — th' rocks an' th'
field beyant,
Th' dirt floor yellow wid sawdust an' th' walls on
a three-inch shlant.
There's a twelve-story flat on th' site now — 'twas
meself that builded th' same,
An' they called it "The Montmorincy" — though
I wanted the good ould name.
Wid me dinner pail under me oxter, afore th' whistle
blew,
I'd banish th' drames from me eyelids wid a
noggin' or mebbe two;

An' oh! 'twas th' illigant whishkey — it's like I
have niver seen
Since I went for me mornin's mornin' to Shana-
han's ould shebeen.

'I disremember the makers — I couldn't tell ye
th' brand;
But it looked like the golden sunlight, an' it
shmelled and tasted gr-and.
When me t'roat was caked wid morthar an' me
head was cracked wid a blast,
One drink o' Shanahan's dewdrops an' me many
troubles were past.
That's why as I squat on th' cushions, wid divil a
hap'orth t' do,
In a mornin' coat lined wid velvit, an' a champagne
lunch at two,
Th' mem'ry comes like a banshee, meself an' me
wealth between,
An' I long for a mornin's mornin' in Shanahan's
ould shebeen.

'A mornin' coat lined wid velvit, — an' me ould
coat used t' do
Alike for mornin' an' evenin,' an' sometimes I slep'
in it, too;
An' 'twas divil a sup av sherry that Shanahan
kept — no fear;
If ye couldn't afford good whishkey he'd take ye
on trust for beer.
Th' dacintest gang I knew there — McCarthy
(Sinathor since),

An' Murphy that mixed th' morthar (sure the Pope
has made him a prince).
Ye should see 'em avic o' Sundays, wid faces all
scraped an' clean,
When th' boss stood a mornin's mornin' in Shana-
han's ould shebeen.

'Whisht! — here comes His Grace's kerridge —
'twill be lunch time by an' by;
An' I dasn't dhrink another — though me t'roat is
powerful dhry.
For I've got t' meet th' Archbishop — I'm a labor-
in' man no more,
— But ochone! thim were th' fine days, lad, an' t'
talk av 'em makes me sore.
An' whisper — there's times, I tell ye, when I'd
swap this aisy chair,
An' th' velvit coat an' th' footman, wid his Sas-
senach nose in th' air,
An' th' Lord Archbishop himself, too, for a dhrink
o' th' days that ha' been —
For th' taste of a mornin's mornin' in Shanahan's
ould shebeen.'

Gerald Brennan

WILLY AND THE LADY

Leave the lady, Willy, let the racket rip.
She is going to fool you; you have lost your grip.
Your head is in a muddle, and your heart is in a
whirl;
Come along with me, Willy, never mind the girl!

Come and have a Man Talk,
Come to those who *can* talk;

Light your pipe and listen, and the boys will pull
you through.

Love is only chatter,
Friends are all that matter.

Come and talk the Man Talk, that's the cure for
you!

Leave the lady, Willy, let the letter wait;
You'll forget your troubles when you get it straight.
The world is full of women, and the women full of
wile.

Come along with me, Willy, we can make you
smile!

Come and have a Man Talk,
A rousing black-and-tan talk!

There are plenty there to teach you, and a lot for
you to do.

Your head must stop its whirling
Before you go a-girling.

Come and talk the Man Talk, that's the cure for
you.

Leave the lady, Willy, the night is good and long.
There's time for beer and baccy, time to have a
song;

Where the smoke is swirling, sorrow if you can!
Come along with me, Willy, come and be a man!

Come and have a Man Talk,
Come and hear the Clan talk!

We've all of us been through the mill, and we've
been broken, too.

We'll advise you confidently,
And break it to you gently.
Come and talk the Man Talk, that's the cure for
you.

Leave the lady, Willy, you are rather young.
When the tales are over, when the songs are sung,
When the men have made you, try the girl again.
Come along with me, Willy, you'll be better then.
Come and have a Man Talk,
Forget your Girl-Divan Talk!
You've got to get acquainted with a higher point of
view!

Girls are bound to fool you,
We're the ones to school you.
Come and talk the Man Talk, that's the cure for
you!

Gelett Burgess

THE PASSING OF BARBARY TIM

The range boss grinned as he slipped me a pass
To his midnight 'necktie' show;
'Come on,' said he, 'we wants a scribe
So all them papers will know.'

A wandering scribbler far from home,
I trembled in my boots —
But no one slacks in Coulee Flat,
Where a man is known as he shoots.

I went along as a critic cold
To watch a rope go tight,

There in that plan of man to man,
Where a life for a life is right.

This Tim had seen some better days
And some nights that will never grow cold —
But finally landed behind the bars
For beaning a guy for his gold.

So 'long about twelve on the night of the show
The range boss tipped me a wink
That plainly said: 'You interview him,
While I go fish for a drink.'

And while he rustled a bottle or two
Of the essence of barleycorn
With which we all might irrigate
Our nerve for that dismal morn —

Poor Tim and I had a midnight chat
As cheerful as ever could be,
For Tim had something on his chest
And he lifted the lid for me —

.

'Them vigilantès sure do go
When once they start to move;
They got the goods on me all right,
An' it's wastin' time to prove.

'I've lived a bit; I got no kick:
"Don't steal — don't squeal!" — is the way;
But who in hell is the hangin' sharp
That fixes the time of day?

'Some things jest nacherly strike a man wrong,
An' he wonders who lets 'em go free,
Such as drinkin' with poker or weddin's at noon,
Or this business of hangin' at three.

'From the quarter-deck of a spotted hoss
I'll navigate to my God,
An' you'll plant me under a sage-brush plant
Instead of my native sod —

'But, why let a guy get a slant at the dawn
Of a day that can never be his?
Say! — hang 'im at night when the sun is low
An' he's ready to sleep as it is!

'Just string 'im up when the stars come out
An' the ranchers has hit the hay,
An' he won't know a doggone thing
When the roosters go yellin' for day.

'Go on, send a note to your Editor sharp
Back East there to call 'em all in,
An' tell 'em to fix a nice little law
To make hangin' at daybreak a sin.

'I've played my hand an' cheated — say!
I'm tagged. I know I'm it;
But I hope they hang the next son-of-a-gun
At a time of the day that is fit.'

. . .

And that was the way that Barbary Tim
Orated there to me,

As we waited around till the range-boss came
With a rope and drinks for three.

And they sat poor Tim on a spotted horse
And led him under a tree,
Where a rope went tight to make things right
At the ugly hour of three.

'Twas 'Curtain' for Tim, the range-boss said
When we reached the end of the play,
And all that was left was the critic's job —
And here she is — as she lay.

Joseph Blethen

RAVIN'S OF PIUTE POET POE

Once upon a midnight dreary, eerie, scary,
I was wary, I was weary, full of worry, thinking of
my lost Lenore,
Of my cheery, airy, faery, fiery dearie — (nothing
more).

I was napping, when a tapping on the overlapping
coping, woke me gapping, yapping, groping . . .
toward the rapping. I went hopping, leaping . . .
hoping that the rapping on the coping

Was my little lost Lenore;

That on opening the shutter to admit the latter
critter, in she'd flutter from the gutter with her
bitter eyes a-glitter.

So I opened wide the door, what was there? The
dark weir and drear moor, — or I'm a liar — the
dark mire, the drear moor, the mere door and
nothing more!

Then, in stepped a stately Raven, shaven like the
bard of Avon; yes, a rovin' grievin' Raven, seek-
ing haven at my door.

Yes, that shaven, rovin' Raven had been movin'
(Get me, Stephen!) for the warm and lovin'
haven of my stove an' oven door —

Oven door, and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember, every ember that De-
cember turned from amber to burnt umber;
I was burning limber lumber in my chamber that
December, and it left an amber ember.

With a silken, sad uncertain flirtin' of a certain
curtain,

That old Raven, cold and callous, perched upon
the bust of Pallas,

Just above my chamber door;

(A lusty, trusty bust, thrust just

Above my chamber door.)

Had that callous cuss shown malice? Or sought
solace, there on Pallas?

(You may tell us, Alice Wallace).

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, hidden in the
shade, an' broodin', —

If a maiden out of Eden sent this sudden bird in-
vadin'

My poor chamber; and protrudin' half an inch
above my door.

Tell this broodin' soul (he's breedin' bats by too
much sodden readin' — readin' Snowden's ode
to Odin)

Tell this soul by nightmares ridden, if (no kiddin'!)
on a sudden

He shall clasp a radiant maiden born in Aden or in
Leyden or indeed in Baden Baden —

Will he grab this buddin' maiden, gaddin' in for-
bidden Eden,

Whom the angels named Lenore?

Then that bird said: 'Never more.'

'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of evil, navel, novel, or
boll weevil,

You shall travel, on the level! Scratch the gravel,
now, and travel!

Leave my hovel, I implore.'

And that Raven never flitting, never knitting, never
tatting, never spouting 'Never more,'

Still is sitting (out this ballad) on the solid bust
(and pallid) — on the solid, valid, pallid bust
above my chamber door:

And my soul is in his shadow, which lies floating
on the floor,

Fleeting, floating, yachting, boating on the fluting
of the matting, —

Matting on my chamber floor.

C. L. Edson

SILVER JACK'S RELIGION

I was on the drive in 'sixty, working under Silver
Jack —

Which the same is now in Jackson and ain't soon
expected back.

And there was a chap among us by the name of
Robert Waite,

Who was kinder slick and tonguey — guess he
were a graduate.

Bob could gab on any subject from the Bible down
to Hoyle,
And his words flowed out so easy, just as smooth
and slick as oil.
He was what they call a 'skeptic' and he loved to
sit and weave
Highfalutin words together saying what he didn't
b'lieve.

One day as we were waiting for a flood to clear the
ground,
We all sat smoking 'niggerhead' and hearing Bob
expound.
Hell, he said, was a humbug, and he proved as clear
as day
That the Bible was a fable — we allowed it looked
that way.

As for miracles and such like, 'twas more than he
could stan',
And for Him they called The Saviour, he was just
a common man.
'You're a liar!' shouted someone, 'and you've got
to take that back!'
Then everybody started — 'twas the voice of Silver
Jack.

Jack clicked his fists together and he shucked his
coat and cried,
'Twas by that th'ar religion my mother lived and
died,
And although I haven't always used the Lord
exactly right,
When I hear a chump abuse Him, he must eat his
words or fight.

Now Bob he war'nt no coward and he answered
bold and free:

Stack your duds and cut your capers, for you'll find
no flies on me.

And they fit for forty minutes and the boys would
hoot and cheer,

When Jack choked up a tooth or two and Bob, he
lost an ear.

At last Jack got Bob under and he slugged him
wunst or twicet,

Then Bob finally admitted the divinity of Christ.

Still Jack kept reasoning with him till the cuss be-
gun to yell,

And allowed he'd been mistaken in his views con-
cerning Hell!

Thus that controversy ended and they riz up from
the ground,

And someone found a bottle and kindly passed it
round.

And we drank to Jack's Religion in a quiet sort of
way,

So the spread of infidelity was checked in camp
that day.

John Percival Jones

**'AND SEVEN MORE REDSKINS BIT
THE DUST'**

'And seven more redskins bit the dust!'

How well those words recall the yarn

We boys devoured and discussed,

That rainy Sunday in the barn!

The hero, pausing on his run —
And well he knew that run he must! —
From out its holster pulled his gun,
And seven more redskins bit the dust.

We risked a trouncing for its sake,
That tale of Injuns, bears and gold;
Our consciences would sometimes ache,
For disingenuous tales we told.
We ought to be at service now,
Repeating this week's Golden Text,
Instead of up here in the mow,
On fire for what was coming next.

Although I cannot tell its name,
And question if the others can,
No book has ever quite the same
Allurement, now I am a man.
Then every nerve within me thrilled,
Then worship absolute I felt,
With each red fiend the hero killed,
With each fresh scalp that decked his belt.

Here in my library I sit,
Amid rare volumes richly bound,
A mine of cleverness and wit,
From authors everywhere renowned.
Tonight their words seem flat and stale,
Their weakness fills me with disgust,
I want that crude, hard-fisted tale,
Where seven more redskins bit the dust.

No nutty novels will I read,
Where prigs and Plato are discussed,
I want my dope of doughty deed,
Where seven more redskins bit the dust.
Quincy Kilby

OH, WHEN WE GET TO HEAVEN

Oh, when we get to Heaven beside the crystal sea,
Come, tell me, parson, answer this for me:
Won't there be nothin' else to do but twiddle a
harp-string,
Or set down in a golden chair to hear the angels
sing?

No piles to drive, no concrete poured,
No smoky tunnels to be bored,
No rock to shoot up to the sky,
No cofferdams to keep things dry,
No gin-poles rigged, no scaffolds raised,
No fancy brickwork to be praised,
No steel-work its right place to give,
No red-hot rivets to be driv'?
Won't there be buildin' done at all beside the crystal
sea?
Come, tell me, parson, answer this for me.

For what's the use of buildin' where everything's
complete?

Come, tell me, parson, answer this for me.
Will all them gates of pearl be hung and plumb and
swingin' right?
Will all them streets of gold be paved with sewers
out of sight?

When everybody, big and small,
Drops in their checks for good and all,
Will everything just pass away
That went to make a workin' day?
Me, that's built plumb and square and true
A whole, long life of livin' through —
If, when I get beyond the sun,
There ain't no buildin' to be done —
Why, what's the use of dyin' till the whole job
here's complete?

Come, tell me, parson, answer this for me.

T. M. Morrow

YOUNG MARK TWAIN

Young Mark Twain, sailing down the Mississippi,
Down the tawny river where the sand bars loom.
A pilot, young and sappy, sailing down the Missis-
sippi,
With a paddle in the puddle where the bull frogs
boom.
He scrapes against the clay bluffs,
He crosses to the willows,
He keeps her in the current,
On the boiling muddy billows.
The waves that bear the bubbles are as yellow as a
saddle,
Showing green and crimson ripples in the eddy
from the paddle.
And the waves are loud and lappy,
And the spray is cool and drippy,
As bold Mark Twain puts her down the Missis-
sippi.

Young Mark Twain sailing down the Mississippi,
All the way from Hannibal to New Orleans.

A young and fearless pilot
Passing snag and marshy islet,
With a license in his wallet
And a dollar in his jeans.

With a zooming of the whistle,
And a fuming of the funnel,
He holds her in the channel
And he steers her down the runnel,
To wobble in the rapids where the waves spit
spume,
And steady in the eddy
Where the bull frogs boom.

Sliding over sandbars, slipping by the snags,
Sailing in among the trees and over-hanging crags,
He scrapes against the clay bluffs,
He crosses to the willows,
He keeps her in the current,
On the boiling muddy billows, —
And keen Mark Twain, with a spirit gay and zippy,
Steers a leaky packet down the mighty Mississippi.

Planters playing poker in the cabin with their chips,
Niggers playing stoker with a song upon their lips,
Call-bells and engine-bells and hissing of the
steam,
And lighted windows moving through the darkness
like a dream.
And the spray is soft and sappy,
And the night is cool and drippy,

As lean Mark Twain puts her down the Mississippi.
And the swamp-fires gleam
Where the ghost-trees loom,
As she paddles through the puddles where the bull
frogs boom.

Fakers in the river-towns cozening their dupes,
A fallen King and Dauphin robbing chicken coops,
A loafer in the tan-yard liquored up with gin,
A nigger floating on a raft with Huckleberry Finn.
Packet boats in a race
Flaming through the night,
Nigger on the safety valve holding-of-her tight,
Lard and bacon in the fire,
Blazes white and blue,
'Every time a darkey stoked, it sucked him up the
flue.'
Bang, goes the boiler!
A geyser-glare of steam,
And then the dark —
'And scalded corpses floating down the stream.'

And weird Mark Twain with his lashes damp and
drippy,
Peers through a mist that has dimmed the Missis-
sippi.
He is sailing on the Thames,
He is sailing on the Rhine,
He is sailing on a river where the lights of Paris
shine;
He sees the cell of Abelard,
The grave of Heloise, —
He sees the flaming Joan of Arc, the fagots 'round
her knees.

He sails to the Holy Land where Gaza had its
towers,
He sees the tomb of Adam and he covers it with
flowers.
He winks out a tear for the Daddy of the Race —
A reverential tribute in a solemncholly place.
He journeys up to Camelot
Where Arthur had his knights —
And he peppers them with buckshot
To stop their foolish fights;
He comes to Offal Court where the odors make him
wince,
He tarries with a Pauper and he parries with a
Prince;
He paddles up to Paddington and into Oxfordtown —
They cap him in a scholar's cap and robe him in a
gown.

Mark Twain awoke. Was he dreaming? Was he
dippy?
It was young Mark Twain sailing down the Missis-
sippi;
Mark Twain steering...staring, peering in the
gloom,
Floating and a-boating where the bull frogs boom.

C. L. Edson

A LIL' OL' PORTERHOUSE STEAK

O, the Romans of old they were strong for the eats
And they dined upon squab from Algiers;
And they reveled in rivers of humming-bird livers
And swordfishes' fricasseed ears.

Each p.m. at 2 they'd have nightingale stew
And a butterfly-bake by the lake,
But sad was the lot of these guys — they knew not of
The lil' ol' porterhouse steak,
Yes! Yes!
Of the lil' ol' porterhouse steak.

The nosebags Olympic of asphodel fields
Held ambrosia and nectar divine,
A heavenly hash with a Jovian dash,
But I'd scoff at such fodder for mine!
No Paphian pabulum, sir, could suffice
To satiate, surfeit, or slake
The keen appetite of the fortunate wight
Who has tasted the porterhouse steak,
Aye! Aye!
The lil' ol' porterhouse steak.

A lil' ol' porterhouse steak, if you please,
But thicker, a trifle, than that,
As tender as Flora and pink as Aurora,
With nuggets of unctuous fat;
Please broil it to cage all the juices within it —
(Don't season while cooking!) now take
Your dreamy, delicious, but highly nutritious —
Your lil' ol' porterhouse steak,
Ye gods!
Your lil' ol' porterhouse steak!

And that's why I zam on my zither today
No gross sybaritical song,
For such, ain't it, Mawruss? I leave it to Horace —
And Horace is there with it strong.

I long but to larrup my lyre to say
 That Lucullan eats were a fake,
 And I back by all odds, sir, that food of the gods, sir,
 A lil' ol' porterhouse steak,
 Yes! Yes!
 A lil' ol' porterhouse steak!

T. P. McEvoy

SAINT GILES'S BOWL

Where Saint Giles's church stands, once a lazarus-
 house stood;
 And chained to its gates was a vessel of wood —
 A broad-bottom'd bowl from which all the fine
 fellows,
 Who passed by that spot on their way to the
 gallows,
 Might tipple strong beer,
 Their spirits to cheer,
 And drown in a sea of good liquor all fear!
 And nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles
 So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles!

By many a highwayman many a draught
 Of nutty-brown ale at Saint Giles's was quaffed,
 Until the old lazarus-house chanced to fall down,
 And the broad-bottom'd bowl was removed to
 The Crown,
 Where the robber may cheer
 His spirit with beer,
 And drown in a sea of good liquor all fear!
 For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles
 So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles!

There Mulsack and Swiftneck, both prigs from their
birth —

Old Mob and Tom Cox, took their last draught on
earth.

There Randal, and Shorter, and Whitney pulled up,
And jolly Jack Joyce drank his finishing cup!

For a can of ale calms

A highwayman's qualms,

And makes him sing blithely his dolorous psalms!

And nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles

So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles!

When gallant Tom Sheppard to Tyburn was led —
'Stop the cart at *The Crown* — stop a moment,' he
said.

He was offered the Bowl, but he left it and smiled,
Crying: 'Keep it till called-for by Jonathan Wild!

The rascal one day

Will pass by this way

And drink a full measure to moisten his clay!

And never will Bowl of Saint Giles have be-
guiled

Such a thorough-paced scoundrel as *Jonathan*
Wild!'

Should it e'er be my lot to ride backwards that way,
At the door of *The Crown* I will certainly stay.

I'll summon the landlord — I'll call for the Bowl,
And drink a deep draught to the health of my soul!

What ever may hap,

I'll taste o' the tap

To keep up my spirits when brought to the crap!

For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles
So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint
Giles!

Charles J. Finger

YEARS OF DISCRETION

Before the bleak era by Providence set,
When arteries harden and blood becomes chill,
And feminine glances no longer beget
The ancient, acquisitive, infidel thrill;
Ere old man Senility works his grim will,
And exercise holds a continual threat
Of anguish sciatic or similar ill,
And Folly, alluring, no longer is met —

Before bright Temptation's provocative eye,
Hinting of things that a man shouldn't do,
Peers at my visage and passes me by,
Seeking a face that's more youthful in hue —
Before the ablution of bootleggers' brew
Leaves my esophagus arid and wry,
And the songs of the muse whom I formerly knew
Find my old eyes unresponsive and dry —

Ere joy has been vanquished by quavering fears
And lure of good liquor, of lyric and lass
Are gone, and my ancient and withering ears
No longer prick up as the April winds pass,
And swift the sand ebbs in the emptying glass,
And somber and gloomy existence appears,
And I sit and I moan that all flesh is but grass —
I hope I've been dead for some seventeen years.

Frederic F. Vandewater

TERMINUS

It is time to be old,
To take in sail.
The God of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds
And said: 'No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches and thy root.
Fancy departs, no more invent!
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There's not enough of this and that —
Make thy option which of two.
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver.
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Softens the fall with wary foot.
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And — fault of novel germs, —
Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once —
The Baresark marrow to thy bones.
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins —

Amid the Muses left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb.'

. . .

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'

Ralph Waldo Emerson

L'ENVOI

For songs divine, half heard and half withholden,
That drooped on silver pinions down the sky;
For visions dread, half hid and half beholden,
Compelling hopes that knew not how to die —

For all the wine, untasted and immortal,
Before mine eyes upon the white dust spilled;
For all dear dreams that shone above life's portal,
And fell beside its pathway unfulfilled —

For all ungathered roses, red as fire,
That lit my way with lavish, fragrant flame;
For all the old, sweet pain of great desire,
That led me hither, captive as I came —

For all, on bended knees, I make thanksgiving:
The unachieved that spurred my steps along,
The unattained that made life worth the living,
The unfulfilled that kept my spirit strong.

H. H. Bashford

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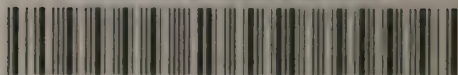
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